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CHARITE  
AND  
POLYDORUS.

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CHAPTER I

TO THE READER



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CHARITE  
AND  
POLYDORUS,  
A ROMANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

OF

*The* ABBÉ BARTHELÉMY,

AUTHOR OF

THE TRAVELS OF ANACHARSIS.

WITH AN ABRIDGEMENT OF THE LIFE  
OF THE AUTHOR, BY THE LATE  
DUKE OF NIVERNOIS.

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London :

PRINTED FOR CHARLES DILLY.

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1799.



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# ADVERTISEMENT

BY THE  
TRANSLATOR.

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THE amusing little Romance now presented to the public is from the pen of the celebrated Abbé Barthelemy, whose name must continually suggest the ideas of learning and genius, and sufficiently recommend every work to which it is prefixed.

That

That M. Barthelemy was really the author of this pleasing novel, there seems to be no doubt. It appears, indeed, not to have been published in his life-time; possibly because it was a juvenile production, to which he might have intended to give some finishing touches; or perhaps because it might have been laid by and forgotten. It is certainly, however, not unworthy of his name in many respects. Like the Abbé's justly celebrated work *the Travels of Anacharsis*, while  
that

that part of it which is the work of invention affords the reader amusement as a romance ; the faithful delineation of ancient manners which it contains, and the knowledge of ancient mythology and history with which it is written, will give him real information relative to the opinions and customs of Grecian antiquity. The sentiments it inculcates, and the morality it breathes, are likewise such as might be expected from the pen of the benevolent Barthelemy.

A compendious account of the life of the learned author has been added: it is taken from a French work which has never yet been translated into English.

*Dec. 21, 1798.*

THE

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THE LIFE OF  
*J. J. BARTHELEMY,*

AN EXTRACT

From the French of L. J. B. MANCINI,  
Duke of *Nivernois*.

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*Est enim probitate morum, ingenii elegantia, operum  
varietate monstrabilis. PLIN. Ep. Lib. vi.*

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**J.** J. Barthelemy was born at Cassis, a small sea port town in the vicinity of Aubagne; in which latter place, a handsome, though inconsiderable town between Marseilles and Toulon, his ancestors had long resided. Joseph Barthelemy, his father had married Magdalen Rastit, the daughter of a merchant of Cassis.

In 1715 she went on a visit to her friends, and during her stay was delivered of J. J. Barthelemy, on the 20th of January 1716. The new born infant was speedily removed to Aubagne, where, when but four years of age, he lost his mother, who was still in her prime, but yet dear to all who knew her, for her natural abilities, and intrinsic merit.— By his father he was taught to bewail the loss of her. Joseph would often take him upon his knees, and then, with tears in his eyes reflect upon their common misfortune, with such an effusion of sensibility, that, although at such an early period, the impression could never be erased. Thus did the feeling father, by dint  
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of example, improve the feelings of his son, and develope that exquisite sensibility with which he had been endowed by nature.

Magdalen Raftit Barthelemy, when she died left two sons and two daughters, who neither of them disgraced their honourable birth, or deviated from the salutary lessons and examples of a father, who enjoyed such universal esteem that the day of his decease occasioned the general mourning of all the inhabitants of Aubagne. The death of the brother of M. Barthelemy has since produced the same effect. Thus has an uninterrupted succession of virtues done more honour to that respectable family

mily than all the titles and decorations which vanity can boast.

J. J. Barthelemy was twelve years old when his father, after having instilled the first principles of virtue into his mind, sent him to Marseilles, there to begin his studies, in that ancient and famous city whose inhabitants were renowned so early as the time of Tacitus for their simplicity of morals united with the elegant refinement of the Greeks, of whom they were a colony.

There he received his first education, at the college of the Fathers of the Oratory, from that eminent professor father Renaud, a man of  
great

great genius and exquisite taste, who easily discovered the merits of such a pupil, whom he accordingly took pleasure in instructing with particular attention. Mr. de la Visclède, a celebrated man of letters, and the intimate friend of father Renaud, came to Marseilles, conceived the same opinion of the merits of young Barthelemy, and earnestly contributed to his improvement, which indeed was amazingly rapid and brilliant.

Barthelemy wishing to enter into the church was obliged to go to another college, Mr. de Balzunce, the present bishop of Marseilles, refusing to admit to orders the pupils of the Fathers of the Oratory.

Though he parted from his former teachers with regret, he consented to go through a course of lectures on philosophy and divinity at the college of the Jesuits. Here at first he chanced to fall into very bad hands; yet perhaps did the disappointment turn to his greater advantage.

He formed to himself a plan of particular studies, independent of those instructions which he received from his professors; determined to make himself master of the ancient languages, and undertook to learn Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac. Prompted by an irresistible thirst of knowledge, he followed its pursuit

suit with all the effervescence of an elevated mind, inflamed rather with more impetuosity than prudence, which nearly cost him his life. He underwent a dangerous fit of illness, and recovered only at the time appointed for his entering the seminary, where he was admitted to clerical orders.

In this pious retreat he employed his leisure hours in studying the Arabic. There happened to be at that time at Marseilles a young Maronite, who had been educated at Rome, and came on a visit to one of his uncles a Levant merchant. He soon formed a connection with Barthelemy, became his language master,

ter, and taught him the Arabic so completely, as to render him capable, by dint of their daily conversing in that language, to speak it fluently. He next requested he would do a great service to some few Maronites, Armenians, and other Arabian catholics who did not understand French, namely, to teach them the word of God in their own language. This young man had in his possession a collection of sermons written in Arabic, by a Jesuit preacher who belonged to the Propaganda, Barthelemy, who had neither power to disoblige a friend, or to decline any kind of labour, got one or two by heart, and delivered them with uncommon success in one of the  
halls

halls of the seminary, where his oriental auditors were so much pleased, that they begged of him to hear their confession. His complacency however would not carry him so far; he was satisfied with answering them that he understood not the language of Arabian sinners.

Barthelemy was so far, not only from making a display of his vast erudition, but even of making it known that he possessed any, that few persons were ever acquainted to what degree of superiority he had made himself master of the eastern languages; which has induced me to relate this little seminary anecdote, which soon after was the occasion



casion of another scene of the same kind, but still more comical. I cannot forbear indulging myself so far as to relate that also, especially as it may serve to teach my readers how to estimate those impostors who so often, and with so much facility, abuse the propensity of men, to admire whatever they do not comprehend.

One day ten or twelve of the principal merchants in Marfeilles introduced to Barthelemy a kind of a beggar, who was come upon 'Change to claim their charity, stating that he was a Jew by birth, and that, owing to his extraordinary knowledge, he had been promoted to the dignity of a rabbin: but that being  
convinced



convinced, by means of his reading, of the truth of the gospel, he had turned a christian. To this he added that he was thoroughly versed in the eastern languages, and requested, in order to prove his assertion, to be brought before some of their most learned men. Those gentlemen unanimously pointed out Barthelemy, who at that time was only one and twenty years of age. In vain did he represent to them that such languages are not learnt with a view of speaking them; they pressed him to enter into a conversation with the learned oriental, which the latter eagerly began. The Abbé, who had learned the psalms by heart, discovered at once that the other only recited  
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the first psalm in Hebrew. When he had finished the first verse he interrupted him, and replied with an Arabic phrase from one of those dialogues which are to be found in every grammar. The Jew then went on with his Hebrew psalm, the Abbé with his dialogue, and thus they continued till the psalm was ended. This proved to be the *nec plus ultra* of the vast erudition of the Jew, who now remained silent. Barthelemy, unwilling to be thought he was beat in the argument, still added, in the style of a scientific peroration, two or three phrases out of his grammar, and concluded by telling those gentlemen-merchants that he considered  
the

the stranger as a deserving object of their beneficent generosity; the Jew himself telling them in broken French that he had travelled through Spain, Italy, Germany, Turkey, and Egypt; but that no where had he met so learned a man as the young ecclesiastic; who derived infinite honour, throughout the whole city of Marseilles, from this ridiculous adventure. However, he was not to be reproached for it, since equally devoid of vanity and quackery, he ingenuously related the whole transaction; yet no one would believe him, but obstinately adhered to the marvellous.

When Barthelemy left the semi-  
b nary,

nary, he retired to Aubagne amid his family, to whom he bore the tenderest affection, and with whom he enjoyed all the sweets of the choicest society; with all the happiness which talents and refined taste can bestow. Meantime he would often tear himself away from those enchanting scenes to go to Marseilles, and attend some illustrious academicians, his intimate friends, with whom he conversed upon such objects of his studies as captivated him with irresistible attraction. Among the number was Mr. Carey, proprietor of a beautiful cabinet of medals, and of a valuable collection of books relative to this useful and curious science. They often spent whole

whole days in conversing together upon this branch of literature the most interesting for the elucidation of ancient history; after which conferences Barthelemy, ever thirsty of learning, would retire to the convent of the Minimes, where father Sigaloux, correspondent to the *Académie des Sciences*, used to make astronomical observations, at which he very frequently assisted. His ardent thirst of science having as yet no regular direction, but prompting him to aspire to every kind of knowledge.

However, from this error he was speedily rescued. He was made sensible that, in order to rise above

mediocrity of talents, which is hardly preferable to ignorance itself, it is requisite to be enriched with profound knowledge of one particular nature, without wandering desultorily from one object to another with frivolous enthusiasm, productive only of superficial accomplishments.

In the year 1744 Barthelemy, with a view of devoting himself entirely to literature, went to Paris, which was destined to receive additional lustre from his studious researches, and introduced himself to Mr. de Baze, keeper of the cabinet of medals, and perpetual secretary to the *Académie des Inscriptions & Belles*

*Belles-Lettres.* This learned man introduced him to the acquaintance of the most eminent members of the three Academies. In their society, Barthelemy felt himself more and more inspired with the love of letters, and with respect for those who were devoted to their cultivation. Mr. de Baze, who studied the young man attentively, soon became acquainted with all his merits, and accordingly bestowed as much partiality, and even confidence upon him, as his own character, which was most remarkable for excessive prudence and reserve, would permit.

Not long after Barthelemy was



nominated deputy keeper of the cabinet of medals. Amidst the multiplied occupations of his new situation, and when he was beginning to relish the delights of a mode of living so exactly suited to his inclination and talents, he was unexpectedly alarmed with an apprehension of being forced into a different course.

Barthelemy, previous to his leaving Provence had been offered a prospect of fortune in the church by Mr. de Bauffet, then a canon of the metropolitan church. No sooner was he appointed to the bishopric of Beziers, than he summoned his young friend to accept the fulfilment of their former mutual engagements.



ments. Barthelemy, however, requested Mr. de Bauffet would absolve him from his promise, and the prelate being convinced that Barthelemy's situation was best suited to his inclinations, consented to leave him at liberty to follow his favourite pursuits.

In 1747, Barthelemy was elected fellow of *the Académie des Inscriptions*, and in 1753, upon the death of Mr. de Baze, he was nominated keeper of the cabinet of medals. It may be easily conjectured with what indefatigable zeal he discharged the obligations of his new office. Whilst employed in discovering and acquiring, or at least daily

daily elucidating the most precious relics of antiquity, his chief attention was principally fixed upon the Greek and Roman antiquities, about which he soon had a fair opportunity of making the most accurate enquiries.

In the year 1754 Mr. de Stainville, afterwards duke de Choiseul and prime Minister, was appointed Ambassador to the court of Rome, and made a proposition to Barthélemy to go to Italy under his patronage. The offer was received by the Abbé with due gratitude towards his patrons, which sentiment, so far from lessening, was continually increasing during the course of his whole

whole life. I have said his patrons, because the ambassador's young comfort incessantly awakened and prompted the liberal dispositions of her husband,

Mr. de Stainville and his lady offered Barthelemy to take him to Rome with them in their own carriage, and both parties would have been gainers by it; but neither personal interest, nor friendship could prevail upon the Abbé to neglect his duty: his attendance at the cabinet of medals being still indispensable. His journey therefore was postponed.

However, within a short time, he  
went

went to Italy in company with Mr. de Cotte, a gentleman of great respectability. They left Paris in August 1755, and arrived at Rome in the beginning of November. A few days after their arrival the two travellers were presented to the Pope by the ambassador, who had previously made honourable mention of them to his holiness; and they were received with that pleasing affability and kindness which characterized Benedict XIV. This pontiff, who had acquired great celebrity under his family name of Lambertini, by publishing twelve volumes on subjects in divinity, could not but give a favorable reception to such a man as Barthelemy.

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The two travellers, unwilling to lose their time, had hardly left Monteravello (the Pope's palace) when they proceeded to Naples, where, during a whole month they were uninterruptedly engaged in examining the antiquities, and whatever was worthy of remark, either in the city or its environs. At thirty leagues from Naples they visited, and highly admired the most ancient monuments of Grecian architecture which still exist on the spot where the town of Pæstum formerly stood.

The halls of the palace of Portici, which are still more interesting, often fixed the eager curiosity of the two observers. There had been collected

lected the antiquities of Herculaneum and Pompeii; there were seen an immense quantity of pictures, statues, busts, vases, and utensils of every description, equally valuable and interesting, some from their beauty, others from the use to which they were applied; yet, at the same time, we cannot but lament the shameful neglect of four or five hundred manuscripts which were found in the subterraneous caves of Herculaneum. Of these only two or three at most were opened, of which the learned Mazocchi had given an explanation; but as their contents proved very uninteresting, the rest were absolutely given up. Barthelemy, however, was not to be so easily discouraged.

raged. He earnestly solicited, and in some measure intrigued, to prevail on the possessors of such treasures not to suffer them to remain in oblivion. Some years after he had some hopes of success, but his grand and useful project failed on account of the death of the Marquis of Carrecioli, minister at Naples, who supported Barthelemy's wishes with his utmost interest.

We have just seen the Abbé having recourse to intrigue, which was so foreign to his character: we shall now see him use fraud, and yet both will be found entitled to our approbation.



He ardently wished to supply the learned French, who made Paleography their study, with a specimen of the most ancient hand-writing used in the Greek manuscripts. He accordingly applied to his learned friend Mozocchi, and Mr. Paderno keeper of the museum at Portici; but they both agreed in answering that they had received positive injunctions not to make any communication of the kind. The latter, however, consented to let him just look over a page of a manuscript which had been cut in the middle, from top to bottom, at the time it was discovered. It contained eight and twenty lines. Barthelemy read them over five or six times with great attention,



tention, when on a sudden, as if inspired by the passion which occasionally will suggest artifice to the most simple minds, he hastily went down into the yard, under a pretence which prevented his being attended by any one, and then taking a scrap of paper, wrote a copy by heart of the precious fragment which he wanted to steal. He then returned to his friends, and mentally compared the copy with the original, which he had entirely retained in his memory, and made it exact by correcting in his mind two or three slight mistakes which at first had escaped him. The fragment contained some historical details relative to the persecution which the

philosophers had suffered in Greece in the time of Pericles. Barthelemy without any scruple made off with his prey, which he forwarded the very same day to the *Académie des Belles-lettres*, requesting however they would keep the whole transaction secret, for fear of exposing Mazouchi and Paderno.

The king of Naples having expressed a wish to see him: Mr. d'Ossun the French Ambassador presented him. His Sicilian majesty was pleased to converse with him on the subject of the discoveries which were then carried on throughout his dominions, and seemed to regret he could not have a view of the cabinet

net of medals, the keeper being absent ; but in some measure to make amends, he ordered him to be shown the beautiful columns of antique marble, which had lately been brought to Caserta, and his name was inscribed in the list of those persons, amongst whom the volumes of the antiquities of Herculaneum were to be distributed.

He met with the most flattering reception from the most distinguished characters, either with regard to birth or erudition, or both united, which is no rare thing in Italy.

He had fixed his chief residence at Rome, where he received equal

pleasure and approbation from his new and satisfactory method of explaining the famous Mosaic of Palestine, several eminent virtuosi had already given very ingenious explanations, to which the Abbé thought himself entitled to substitute one, in his opinion, better founded. Hitherto the key of that curious enigma had been sought for in the life of Sylla, or in the games in honour of fortune. Some imagined that they saw Alexander on his return from Egypt, attended by victory, under a tent amidst his guards or his chief generals: others said it was Sylla under the shape of the Macedonian hero, with a view of calling to the minds of the Romans, in  
the

the temple of fortune at Preneste (now Palestina) the oracles of the goddess, which justified the elevation of the dictator, in the same manner as the oracle of Ammon had legitimated the conquests of Alexander. Barthelemy could see neither Sylla nor the king of Macedonia: but in their stead the emperor Adrian; nay, he prov'd that he saw what was only to be seen: and that discovery which it was so difficult to evince, owing to the immense multiplicity of accessory explanations which were required to support the truth, did great credit to its author, who, notwithstanding considered it only as a mere restitution of the text. His dissertation, so  
very

very curious, and interesting to artists and scientific men will be found in the 30th volume of the memoirs of the *Académie des Inscriptions*.

In the year 1757 when Mr. de Stainville was appointed ambassador at Vienna, he had obtained from the minister that Barthelemy should accompany him to that city and thence proceed at the expence of government, to travel through Greece and the Levant: but however pleasing such a project might appear, his adherence to the discharge of his duty got the better, and he declined the offer, in order to prevent the cabinet of medals being shut any longer.

At

At the latter end of the following year 1758, Mr. de Stainville, now duke de Choiseul was promoted to the department of foreign affairs. The first words which the new minister and his lady spoke to Barthelemy were an enquiry into the situation of his affairs; telling him that henceforth it became their province to provide for him; that he only needed to inform them of his circumstances, and what could be done to improve them. Barthelemy, rather surpris'd at their kindness, and compelled by their intreaties to fix his own terms, was satisfied with asking a pension of six thousand livres (250*l.*) upon some living, and  
even



even blushed at claiming such a sum. The generous minister smiled, and this which Barthelemy construed as a new proof of his goodness, must indeed have been considered by any other person, what it really was—the presage of a larger fortune.

In 1759 Barthelemy obtained a pension on the archbishopric of Alby: in 1765 he was promoted to be treasurer of the abbey of St. Martin at Tours; and in 1768 was appointed secretary general to the Swifs and Grifons; besides which, from the year 1761 he had been granted a pension of 5000 livres on the *Mercure*. He had been even compelled, but for a short time indeed, and notwithstanding

standing his utmost reluctance to accept the privilege of that journal, which, at that period was very lucrative, and which, through a mistake had been taken away from Mr. Marmontel, upon suspicion of his being the author of a most cruel satire levelled at some people of high rank and distinction. Mr. de Marmontel however had no hand in the publication.

In 1771 Mr. D'Aiguillon succeeded Mr. de Choiseul who was sent in exile to Chanteloup, where Barthelemy followed him. Soon after, the disgraced minister was required to resign his commission of colonel-general of the Swiss and Grisons, which

which he readily complied with, and the Abbé at the same time wished likewise to send his resignation of the office of secretary; but Mr. de Choiseul advised him to go in person, and offer it to the court, but not to give it up unless he received as an indemnification, a brevet sealed in chancery, and invested with letters patent registered in parliament. Barthelemy followed this friendly and judicious advice. He went to Paris and presented his commission to Mr. D'Affry, who was then at the head of the administration of the Swiss and Grisons. Mr. D'Affry declined accepting the resignation, but several of the nobility who were in high favour at court, pressed

pressed him to submit the decision to the king himself. Barthelemy persisted in his resolution, notwithstanding a promise from high authority, that the business should be settled to his utmost satisfaction provided he would engage not to return to Chanteloup. Mr. D'Affry then put an end to the business at once by conferring on the Abbé a pension of ten thousand livres (about 400*l.*) upon the office. Barthelemy himself had not asked for any thing, and the very next day after the affair was decided, he returned to Chanteloup.

Barthelemy was now possessed of 35,000 livres (1450*l.*) per annum, which however he reduced to 25,000  
d (1000*l.*)

(1000l.) by means of different grants which he made to men of letters who were in distress. This income he used in a manner becoming a man of letters and a philosopher, free from ostentation. He procured a good education, and a situation in life to three of his nephews; supported the rest of his family in Provence; and purchased a select and numerous collection of books, which he was forced to dispose of a few years before he died.

After having lived in affluence for about twenty years, the offices and pensions which he had possessed being partly suppressed, he was reduced to the strict necessities of life.

Yet,

Yet, he never complained, and did not even seem to pay the least attention to the abridgement of his fortune; and so long as, though bowed down with age and infirmity, he was able to make use of his legs, he might be seen walking cheerfully from one end of the town to the other to go and comfort his respectable friend Madame de Choiseul, who in return, showed him as much regard and affection as if she had been indebted to him for his patronage.

In the year 1789 he was invited to solicit a vacant place in the French academy. Several times already, through modesty and prudence, he

had rejected propositions of the kind, but he now yielded to the pressing intreaties of his friends, and the desire also of all the academicians, who were conscious of his merit and of the celebrity of his eminent work, *The Travels of Anacharsis the younger*, which he had published the preceding year, 1788. Barthelemy accordingly was elected member of the French Academy in 1789.

In the following year Mr. de St. Priest, then minister for the home department, offered to Barthelemy the honourable post of Librarian to the king, which was become vacant by the resignation of Mr. Le Noir. The Abbé though very thankful, declined



declined accepting the offer, pleading, that being accustomed to literary labours of a free and independent nature, he thought himself unfit for the minute and necessary details attending this office.

Circumscribed by inclination and modesty to the care of the cabinet of medals, he devoted himself almost entirely and with fresh ardor to the arduous task, with the assistance of his nephew, Barthelemy de Courçay, who had been appointed his colleague some years since, and is now become keeper of the cabinet.

The cabinet of medals had been considerably augmented and embellished

lished under the direction of Barthelemy. He paid little attention, however, to the modern medals, which seldom teach us more than what we may be informed of by other means; but the ancient being more interesting, these he made it his chief study to procure. He had found twenty thousand antique medals in the collection, and he left forty thousand: I have heard him say that in the course of his holding the place he had examined about four hundred thousand.

Barthelemy, urged by the combined motives of patriotic and personal interest, determined to end his career by publishing an accurate  
methodical

methodical description of the treasures which were committed to his charge. A work of this kind must have been very expensive, on account of the prodigious number of engravings requisite; and of course it could not be undertaken without the consent and support of government. Barthelemy having obtained the approbation of the minister in the year 1787 thought he had nothing more to wish for: but the condescension of Mr. de Breteuil, secretary of state, was opposed by divers imperious circumstances. The prevailing disorder of the French finances at that calamitous period, was the occasion of the meeting of the *Notables*, which brought on the

the *States General* which produced a new order of things.

His wasted powers and progressive decay were but too obvious in 1792, and at the beginning of the following year, he was often subject to faintings which would last for a whole hour. Owing to his natural spirits and tranquillity of mind he was regardless of those occasional accidents, but his disconsolate friends could easily foresee the impending danger.

Barthelemy was now seventy-eight years of age, when on the 30th of August 1793, an information of aristocracy was lodged against him.

His

His nephew and five or six more who belonged to the library were arrested at the same time: Barthelemy was arrested at Madame de Choiseul's hotel, where he happened to be on a visit. He took a hasty leave of his patroness, who received his adieu with an emotion from which he himself was not exempt, although he had fortitude enough to repress it. He was carried to the prison, where he found his nephew Courçay, who had apprized his unfortunate fellow prisoners of his uncle's speedy arrival. The victim soon made his appearance, and offered himself to be sacrificed with undaunted serenity. His soul equally

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ly guiltless, elevated, and modest, enjoyed that tranquillity which is the result of an unblemished life. He was however conscious of the danger of his situation, and was sensible that on account of his great age and infirmities he could not withstand beyond a few days the inconveniences of a prison, where the medical assistance which his state of health required could not be obtained. The keeper, whose name was Vanbertrand, deserves our highest esteem for his kind treatment of M. Barthelemy, and his particular attention to make him as comfortable as circumstances would permit. He placed him in a small private  
room

room with his dear nephew. There Madame de Choiseul came to visit him in the evening. That delicate woman whose excessive sensibility abated her powers, but whom friendship ever supplied with fresh vigour, had not lost a moment to inform the government of the palpable mistake which alone must have caused the venerable old man to be arrested. The committee, who knew the age, reputation, and irreproachable conduct of Barthelemy, had never intended to have him included amongst the officers belonging to the library who had been ordered to prison: he had consequently been arrested through a mistake, which  
was



was speedily rectified. All the clerks shewed great eagerness to fill up the order for his discharge: with which they went to awake him at eleven o'clock; and at midnight he was brought back to the house of his kind and constant patroness, from whom he had been torn away in the forenoon.

The Abbé, however, within a very short time, had a second proof of that happy influence and ascendancy which distinguished merit and acknowledged virtue will inevitably gain; for in the following month of October, the honourable office of chief librarian becoming  
vacant

vacant by the death of Corra and the resignation of Chamfort, Barthelemy was offered the place in the most flattering manner, but he refused, alleging as an excuse, his advanced age and infirmities. Most unfortunately this excuse was by no means a frivolous one, for in the course of the following year, 1794, his decay came on very rapidly. He was approaching the end of his career, yet he alone was not sensible of it; though his frequent faintings might have warned him that the principles of life were gradually decaying: his friends had reason to be alarmed; but as he lost the use of his senses whenever those fits returned,

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turned, he retained no remembrance of them, but as soon as he recovered would follow his usual course. He divided his time between his friends and literature: ever engaged in study, ever affectionate, ever grateful. His friends attended him very regularly. His nephew, unceasingly upon the watch, endeavoured to divine and anticipate his wishes, so as not to leave him time to form any. The old man did not suffer any pain, but he was insensibly wasting away.

At the beginning of 1795 death was seen to advance towards him with hasty strides. He had just entered

tered the eightieth year of his life, which had been wholly consecrated to labours, which demanding uninterrupted application must have impaired the vital powers, although they do not attack the bodily organs when the constitution proves to be good, and such was Barthelemy's. It appeared as if nature had been willing to suit his features and deportment to his morals and occupations. He seemed to have something of the antique in his countenance, and his bust, if properly placed, must stand between those of Plato and Aristotle.

The excessive rigour of the winter,

ter, in all probability, hastened his dissolution, although he did not seem to notice it. His literary occupations, and reading filled up all the hours which he did not spend in visiting his friends. He might in imitation of Maynard, have written over his door:

“ C’est ici que j’attends la mort,

“ Sans la desirer, ni la craindre.\*

Death indeed had threatened him long since, and at last struck the fatal blow. On the 6th of Florial (April the 25th) though for some  
days

\* Here I wait for death, without either wishing or fearing it.

days past he had suffered much from violent cholics and pain in the stomach, he went to dine with Madame de Choiseul. The weather was still severe, and he very probably caught cold on his return home: such at least was the opinion of Mr. Poissonnier Desperrières, his physician and friend. The patient spent the evening as usual with three or four friends, whose conversation was ever interesting to him: but in the night he probably was seized with a fit, which deprived him of the power of pulling the bell, for he would never suffer any one to sleep in his apartment. Comtois, his faithful valet entered his room the next morning

morning at eight o'clock, being very uneasy that the Abbé, who was an early riser, had not yet called him down; and found his master senseless, with his feet in the bed and his head lying on the floor. He put him into bed again. The Abbé recovered the use of his senses, but the raging fever did not subside. A violent cough ensued, and the expectoration grew very painful; the chest at last was filled with matter, and that excellent man, without pain, and, perhaps, without being aware of his actual dissolution, was plunged into the eternal sleep of the righteous, yet he preserved his senses to the last.

This



This fatal loss to his friends and to literature took place the 11th Florial (April 30th) at three o'clock in the afternoon. At one o'clock Barthelemy was still engaged in reading Horace, but his cold hands could no longer hold the book, and it dropped down. He reclined his head as if sleeping, and those about him thought he really was asleep; as did his nephew, who had continued by his side, and was only convinced of his error at the expiration of two hours, when he discovered that he no longer heard his uncle breathe.

Thus died, with the tranquillity and peace that had signalized his whole life,

lxiv THE LIFE OF BARTHELEMY.

life, a man who had been one of the ornaments of his age; leaving to every one of his relations to bewail a father, and to each of his friends to mourn an irreparable loss; to the learned of all nations an example to follow, and to mankind at large a perfect model to imitate.

CHARITE

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CHARITE AND POLYDORUS.

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BOOK I.

**Æ**GEUS reigned over Attica. His kingdom was one of the most flourishing in Greece, and his subjects, who now enjoyed the comforts of plenty, were forgetful of the calamities which they had endured during the late war with Minos.

Pisistratus had left the court as soon as his services were become useless to his sovereign. This faithful minister, who had so zealously supported

and protected the throne during the last troubles, had retired, not so much with a view of procuring that repose which he was entitled to after his laborious administration, as to remove from a place where his merit and his virtues began to excite envy and cabal.

At the distance of two stadia from Athens, on the left hand side of the harbour, is a verdant hillock which the inhabitants have long since consecrated to Neptune: there, on certain appointed days in the year, the people of Attica repaired in crowds to a temple of plain architecture, constructed after the style of the Dorians, to offer their thanksgiving to the god who so eminently protected them. An

eternal spring reigned in this happy climate; the trees were never stripped of their foliage; the gentle murmur of the limpid streams, the coolness of the air, and the soft impressions which penetrated the soul from the very entrance of the sacred asylum, every thing in short here announced the presence of a beneficent divinity.

'Twas at the foot of this pleasant hillock that Pisistratus sought a refuge from the injustice of men, and the ingratitude of his fellow subjects. He had been prepared, from his long meditations, to the vicissitudes of fortune: experience had taught him how little the most deserved gratitude

tude is to be relied upon, an internal sentiment also continually warned him, that perhaps it might prove a misfortune to be virtuous, if virtue did not bear its own recompence.

No sooner had he relinquished his high situation than all his former friends deserted him; the numerous train all disappeared, his household gods and his son being the only companions he had left in his solitude.

Polydorus was still an infant; Softrate, his mother, had died soon after she had brought him into the world, which accident, in some measure, contributed to increase the tenderness  
of

of Pisistratus for this pledge of their mutual affection.

Being now disengaged from any other employment, his only occupations were to worship the gods, and attend to the early education of his son: thus did that same man, who for many years had ruled the destiny of an empire, know how to find sufficient employment in discharging the duties of a private life.

Not far from his habitation lived a young widow whose name was Sterope, She had retired into that solitude for about two months, there to lament the loss of Choerephontes, her husband, who was killed by Androgeus



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at the commencement of the war. Charite, her daughter, although she was but five years old, sympathized already in her mother's grief. The dear little girl wiped off her parent's tears, and grasped her tenderly within her infant arms.—“ Dear “mother!” would she repeatedly exclaim, “ forsake me not ; consent to “ live, in remembrance of my depart- “ ed father, and for your own sake.” —“ O my beloved child !” would Sterope return, “ may the gods “ preserve thee, that thou mayest in “ thy turn recall the memory of “ Choerephontes to the world, and “ penetrate my own mind more deeply still, if possible, with the cherishing recollection.”

Pisistratus

Pisistratus and Sterope living thus in the same neighbourhood, and labouring under a similar calamity, soon contracted a mutual friendship. That pity to which adversity is conducive, that interest which virtue so powerfully inspires, were the only motives that had induced them to seek for the company of each other: they were both conscious that the unfortunate can find no solace but in the society of the afflicted. The most true and sincere friendship was soon cemented between them, upon the foundation of reciprocal confidence and esteem.

Pisistratus was not yet past the age of loving, and Sterope had hardly  
just

just entered it; however they both had renounced love, and would rather have consented to separate, than to indulge once more that dangerous passion. Their determination being fixed upon, they apprehended nothing from their present sentiments. Pisistratus promised daily to continue faithful to the memory of Softrate: Sterope, although she had not recourse to a similar protest, was certain that she would never love again, since Choerephontes was no more.

The intimacy of their parents, the conformity of age and disposition, habit, every thing in short was conducive to a connection between Charite and Polydorus, the two families now  
were

were become one. Pifistratus loved the daughter of Sterope as dearly as if she had been his own; neither was Charite more tenderly cherished by her mother than was Polydorus. Sterope lavished her attention upon them indiscriminately, with an equal share: the tender mother made their preservation her charge, whilst Pifistratus was employed in developing their ideas, in proportion as they ripened by reflection and age.

Pifistratus instructed them in the worship of the gods, and taught them the sacred hymns that had been composed by Orpheus; he next illustrated the wonders of the creation,  
and

and made his pupils observe the particular order which prevails through all its vicissitudes. He would occasionally partake of their amusements, and composed songs which he sang to his lyre: at other times they danced to his pipe. O blessed peaceful days! Charite and Polydorus were happy because they lived together, tho' as yet unable to discern the original source from which sprung their happiness. Their chief, their only occupation was to please those whom they loved and revered, and they both studied attentively to improve by the lessons of their preceptor. The parents, at first, intended to try the effects of emulation, but they soon renounced the project. Could rivalry exist



exist between them? Their mutual efforts tended only to let a friend gain the superiority.

Pisistratus and Sterope rejoiced at the sight of their children's rising affection. Owing to their tender youth they were still permitted to use the names of brother and sister; but their parents had resolved they should soon assume a more endearing and sacred title: they only deferred the celebration of their marriage till the time prefixed by the laws.—  
“Most worthy respectable Sterope,” said Pisistratus one day, “this new  
“bond will perpetuate our union:  
“when death shall tear me away  
“from you, my son will then  
“remain,

“remain, and he will be a son to  
“you.” —“Death!” interrupted  
Sterope, “what have you said?  
“How! Am I threatened with the loss  
“of you! Must it be my hard lot to  
“outlive you? Friendship then would  
“prove as fatal to me as love itself.  
“No, do not believe what you have  
“just spoken: if the miseries which  
“await us poor mortal beings have  
“their bounds, in like manner as our  
“blessings are limited, I have nothing  
“more to apprehend: the arrows of  
“adverse fortune have all been shot  
“at me already.”

Thus did the forrowful Sterope  
uninterruptedly reflect upon her former  
misfortunes: her tears never  
ceased

ceased to flow, the shedding of them was even the only comfort which she could relish: she often repaired about dusk to a solitary tree, under which she would weep till the return of morn.

Is it possible that the recollection of past happiness can alleviate present miseries? Sterope had found great satisfaction in writing the history of her amours with Choerophontes, and would frequently seek the most retired part of the wood, there to be at liberty to read over incidents which were dear to her heart. When her faltering voice ceased being stifled with her sobbing, then would she call aloud on her departed husband.

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One day it happened that either chance had brought, or the intense heat of the sun had invited Polydorus and Charite to the borders of a distant fountain, towards which Sterope most usually directed her course; a circumstance, however, of which they were ignorant. On a sudden they overheard the voice of their mother. They rose and were preparing to join her; but were prevented by the reflection that as she had intentionally sought that solitude, they must not intrude upon her: respect therefore withheld them from approaching nearer.

At every word which Sterope uttered, Charite and Polydorus looked at each

each other silently; their eyes were swollen with tears. The vivacity of the sentiment which animated Sterope, seemed to have penetrated their minds; they did not, however, experience that painful impression which is the companion of regret, but on the contrary felt that pleasing emotion which the idea of the sweets of rising passion never fails to excite.

Sterope was reading that part of her history when her lover had conducted her to the temple, where at last the god of Hymen rewarded his constancy. She had described with the utmost ingenuity the delights which she herself had felt at that happy moment, the tender affection

of her lover, their oaths so solemnly repeated, and which she then renewed with transport. The description of those enchanting raptures, to which grief gives an additional allurements, excited both the curiosity and surprise of the two hearers. Polydorus had laid hold of Charite's hand, and frequently pressed it tenderly: a glance, or a languishing smile had hitherto been the only interpreters of their sentiments, but now they felt that they loved.—Polydorus rushed into the arms of Charite; his lips pressed upon those of the maiden; thrice he endeavoured to speak and thrice did his words expire on their passage;—his wandering soul  
lost

lost all its power over his senses and faculties.

The pleasure which they enjoyed redoubled their attention. Sterope who had not seen them, and was ignorant of their presence, continued reading, and by so doing gave them to understand that there existed other raptures besides those with which they were acquainted. Charite blushed; a strange fire flashed from the eyes of Polydorus, who was much surprised at Charite's opposing his caresses. Charite herself was still more astonished at the resistance which she offered to Polydorus, and was enquiring of herself from whence pro-



ceeded such an alteration in her behaviour.

Night was coming on; Sterope had left the grove: the young couple thought it was time for them also to quit the spot where love and chance had opened their eyes, although without enlightening them, and to return home. Polydorus walked foremost and was silent: Charite, with downcast eyes followed slowly.—She sometimes revisited the fountain, but forbad Polydorus to accompany her there; and Polydorus submissively obeyed.

In the mean time a new war raged in Attica. Androgeus, the  
same

same who had slain Sterope's husband, was besieging Athens with a formidable force, and that unfortunate city was compelled, within a short time, to accept a dishonourable peace, a peace still more cruel than war itself.

However Pisistratus and his family continued in that security which innocence procures, and which is sometimes the lot of retirement : the education of his children engrossed his whole attention, and he derived real happiness from the charge.

The time of their intended union was drawing near. The ceremony of their nuptials was to take place on the

the day after the festival in honour of Neptune; both families waited for the happy moment with great impatience. Pisistratus flattered himself that this marriage would insure the consolation and support of his old age. Sterope experienced those involuntary emotions to revive within her, which arise from conformity, and will ever be grateful to a feeling heart. Polydorus and Charite were animated with redoubled alacrity. They were unable to account for the joy that overwhelmed them, and both exclaimed in a transport of mutual surprise: "How! Can it then  
"be possible that the sentiments  
"which attach us to each other, may  
"receive an increase? No; our  
"plighted

“ plighted faith needs not the presence of the gods to be durable.”

They now only waited for the moment of the ceremony which no preliminary preparations could retard. They had no friends to invite, the unfortunate seldom retain any; besides, could any new acquaintance or foreign object claim their attention? Could they possibly harbour any other sentiments but those which united the two families? Their doating hearts were concentrated within themselves, and could hardly suffice each of them.

They were preparing to proceed to the temple, when on a sudden they  
overheard,

overheard, from a distance, groans and lamentations. Desolation is spread all over the country: the peaceful valleys of Attica resound with piercing cries: the shrill terrific sound of the warlike trumpet is re-echoed on all sides, and conveys terror even as far as the solitude of Pisistratus.—“Ah! my son,” exclaimed he, shedding a torrent of tears, “your father would have been too happy had you never parted from him: the felicity of my old age would have erased from my memory the miseries of my earlier days: but, alas! I must renounce the sweet hope! This fatal trumpet informs me that your country demands your services: go: perhaps here—  
“after

“ after you will find her ungrateful ;  
“ perhaps your generous deeds will  
“ prove the measures of her injus-  
“ tice and of your injuries ; how-  
“ ever, your first duty is to serve  
“ your country, and your second  
“ will be to forget that you have  
“ done so.”

Polydorus stood motionless, and was overwhelmed with grief and anxiety: he fixed his eyes alternately upon his father and his afflicted bride. Charite in the agonies of perplexity, still endeavoured to question the truth of what she had heard, whilst Sterope, with tears trickling down her cheeks, uttered the name of Choerephontes, recalling to her  
mind

mind the moment when he had left her to go and meet his death.

Behold the soldiery rushing into their habitation: a vast number of young men and maidens follow; the paleness of death overspreads their countenance, ghastly terror appears in their looks: the ferocious soldiers force them to march, and threaten them with still greater calamities. The chief of the barbarians at length began to speak.—“Whoever you  
“may be,” said he to Pisistratus,  
“you must surrender up to me in-  
“stantly those two youths who are  
“kneeling before you. Are you  
“not acquainted with the terms of  
“the peace which Minos hath grant-  
“ed?”



“ ed? Are you not apprized that An-  
“ drogeus has been treacherously  
“ murdered, and that his manes call  
“ aloud for vengeance? It is in order  
“ to appease them that the treaty  
“ obliges you to deliver to the Mi-  
“ notaur, seven Athenian youths of  
“ each sex annually : chance will  
“ decide who shall be the victims.”

“ Androgeus !” cried Sterope :  
“ the barbarian ! would he deprive  
“ me a second time of all that is dear  
“ to me, and become the murderer  
“ of my child, after having stabbed  
“ my beloved husband? Odious mi-  
“ nisters of his vengeance, rather  
“ take away my own life, or fear  
“ every thing from the just resent-

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“ ment

“ment of a disconsolate wife, of an  
“incensed mother.”——At these  
words, dictated by despair, Sterope  
rushed among the soldiers to stop  
them; Charite flew into her mother’s  
arms, Sterope fainted away, and her  
daughter fell by her side, having lost  
the use of her senses.

The brutal chief seized the youth-  
ful Charite, dragging her by the hair  
of her head, and delivered her up to  
his attendants. What a trial for the  
unfortunate Polydorus!

He was also carried away by the  
soldiers: Charite and he were sepa-  
rated; he could hardly collect forti-  
tude enough to lift up to heaven his  
eyes

eyes swoln with tears, and to implore the justice of the gods : his arms were loaded with heavy chains.

Charite recovered the use of her senses from the excess of grief, and violent agitation, aided by the cruel pity of her ravishers. As soon as she opened her eyes, she sought for Polydorus, and discovered him to be in the same situation as herself : her heart was broke at the sight ; she called out to him ; uttered a plaintive shriek, and dropt senseless a second time.

Pisistratus continued with Sterope, and was exerting his utmost efforts to save her life, as if existence

was not become the heaviest calamity that could henceforth befall her.

The commander assembled his troops and the unfortunate victims whom they had carried off, near a rock that stood on the sea-shore. There they offered a sacrifice to the Cretan Jupiter and to the other gods, protectors of the island. In the mean time the fatal urn was brought, which contained the names of the youths, and the choice of the victims was about to be decided, according as chance should direct. At the horrid sight their cries and lamentations redouble, their despair is renewed.

Fortune

Fortune had already declared against thee, most amiable Melanthis, the only hopes of a distinguished family; neither had she spared the youthful Anaxamene, who surpassed in beauty the Venus of Guido. Polydorus drew near, Charite invoked Cupid, and the god of love protected Polydorus. She was now free from fear; a tender glance had convey'd her sentiments into her lover's heart. Behold her, she herself advances——O Destiny! once more allow thy rigor to be disarm'd! But in vain do I implore thee; thy justice is tired already, and the lovely Charite is doomed to be most cruelly sacrificed.

Polydorus in a transport of grief dropped speechless: his lively colours faded away; a deadly chillness seized his whole frame. A sudden agitation succeeded to his deep and mute affliction. Inarticulate sounds, incoherent words, cries, and tears, every expression of rage in short, announced at once the excess of his miseries and of his despair. He is soon overcome, and the sleep of death seems to have closed his eyes for ever, but he instantly recovers: O fatal moment! O earth sink thou under him! Alone, and extended on the sea shore, he casts his eyes around him, but can hardly discern at a distance the extent

extent and profound abysses of the sea.

The rest of the captives, as also their ravishers had disappeared: Charite was gone. Polydorus no longer felt the weight of his chains. He rose, but in vain did his eyes wander on all sides, he could only discover an immense solitude: he recollected and recognized the fatal rock that had witnessed his misfortune: he wished to die, and was going to plunge into the waves;—a thought just struck him; perhaps Charite had not yet left the coast of Attica: perhaps he might chance to meet her again.—This reflection made him renounce his design,  
and



and he consented to defer the execution of it, till he had seen her once more.

Polydorus in the agitation of love, impatience, and rage, wandered at random along the coast. Regardless of danger he climbed the steepest rocks, leaped from one to the top of another at the peril of his life; the excess of his grief seemed to increase his natural powers. When silent, his wild looks spoke his distracted mind; or at intervals his piercing cries were expressive of the inward tortures which he endured.

However the savage Cretans who had carried away Charite had not been

been able to leave the port, their vessels were detained by a calm, so that when Polydorus returned to the sea shore, after having recovered the use of his senses, he descried from a distance the colours flying at the top of the masts, and now for the first time hope revived within him.

He advanced still nearer and met several of his unfortunate companions, who although, like himself they had escaped with their lives, were nevertheless reduced to lament the loss of some beloved object.

Polydorus after having sought in vain for a boat that might carry him  
on

on board of Charite's ship, was equally unsuccessful in his attempt to soften the hearts of her cruel ravishers, who inaccessible to pity, and still more ferocious than the monster whose ministers they were, ridiculed his grief and extreme misery. Polydorus extended on the sand kept his eyes fixed on the vessel which carried the object of his affection, with a full determination as soon as his wretchedness should be completed by the sailing of the ship, to throw himself into the sea.

The calm continued much longer than the Cretans could at first have expected. They sent one of their boats on shore for some fresh provisions,

visions, unwilling to consume in the roads those which they had embarked. A young Cretan who had the command of the boat discovered Polydorus lying on the ground, whose sad countenance bespoke the most violent agonies of despair. The soldier's heart was moved with pity; he enquired into the cause of his immoderate distress, but when Polydorus had imparted from what motive it originated, the young stranger cast down his eyes, replying that it exceeded his power to remedy his affliction.

The boat returned several times in the course of the day; and when the commander who felt for the hard  
fate

fate of the young lover, repeatedly accosted him: "Alas!" would Polydorus reply, "may it please Minerva, the patroness of Athens, ever to cast a propitious eye upon you: and since you are less cruel than the tygers who have sent you to our shore, grant me at least the only consolation which I may be permitted to expect; allow me, suffer me to behold her once more, to see her for one single moment, that I may die less miserable." Strato was not unwilling to grant him his request, but the apprehension of incurring the displeasure of his superior officers opposed his condescension. Polydorus, who had risen to embrace his knees,

knees, fell back to the ground, and made all the neighbouring rocks echo with his bewailing, whilst Strabo unable to resist any longer endeavoured to soothe his affliction by promising to exert his utmost efforts to procure him some relief.

The ships continued at their moorings: in vain did the Cretans offer several sacrifices to Jupiter; the god, although he had been brought up in their country, which he favoured with his peculiar and avowed protection, was become deaf to their prayers. Neptune, the patron god of Attica, incensed at the cruel tribute which the Cretans exacted from his favourite people, would

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not

not suffer them to quit the port, and return to their own country.

The Cretans in consequence of this delay resolved to land a second time, in order to offer a solemn sacrifice to the god of the sea, which design Strato communicated to Polydorus, with the further intelligence of his being appointed to guard the fleet during the absence of the other chiefs.—“ I will seize the favorable opportunity,” added he, “ and take you over to Charite.”——“ How!” exclaimed Polydorus, “ shall I really enjoy the happiness of seeing her again? My last wishes will be fulfilled! All powerful Gods!” continued he, ye are well acquainted  
“ ed



“ ed that I have consented to live  
“ till this moment merely for the  
“ sake of seeing her once more.  
“ To you generous enemy, I shall be  
“ forever indebted for the high  
“ favour which I shall receive! You  
“ would have ended my miseries if  
“ the fates had not decreed that I  
“ must be everlastingly wretched.”

Strato interrupted these expressions of gratitude, in order to consider on the best method of escaping the vigilance of the Cretan soldiers. Polydorus was young and so beautiful that he might easily be mistaken for one of the other sex; his complexion was so fair, his features so delicate that Strato readily adopt-

ed the idea of a disguise to which the lover eagerly consented. He then threw himself on his knees, calling Strato his benefactor, and his saviour.

The next morning Polydorus repaired to the sea-shore at the break of day. There he waited impatiently till the sacrifice began. In the transport of his joy he anticipated the happiness of seeing his dear Charite. Each moment that elapsed was bringing them together: one minute more and he should kneel before her, speak to her, hear her, clasp her within his arms. Delighted with the rapturous idea, he enjoyed in advance the expression of her sentiments and his own happiness:  
his

his future destiny he had not leisure to reflect upon.

The time appointed for the sacrifice was arrived. Strato was left to guard the fleet; but he soon quitted his post to discharge his promise to Polydorus. The young lover when he perceived the boat advancing, could scarcely contain his joy, Strato jumped on shore, and seized him by the hand saying: "Come unhappy  
" stranger, hasten to enjoy that favor  
" which fortune had in reserve for  
" you. However, I demand you  
" will take your oath to return on  
" shore without the least objection  
" before the conclusion of the ceremony." Polydorus could hear

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nothing

nothing of what was said to him; but yet promised every thing.

The seven young maidens were confined in the same prison: the seven young men had been put on board another ship. Polydorus, owing to his disguise, passed undetected by the Cretan guards, and Strato, who conducted him, brought him safe to the place where he was to meet his beloved bride.

The door being immediately opened, he perceived the most horrid symptoms of fear and despair. The young captives with dishevelled hair, wild looks, bruised faces, and torn bosoms, such in short as are the  
Manades

Manades when animated by Bacchus, expected every moment to be brought to instant death. Charite lay in the midst of them, extended on the floor with her innocent hands lifted up to Heaven.

Polydorus advanced without properly discerning the objects around him; he called on the name of Charite.—Charite astonished could not believe the adventure real.—He repeated aloud and distinctly the name of Charite; but in vain would she endeavour to answer him: she was unable to articulate one syllable. At last he discovered where she lay, and flew to embrace her.—Their calamities were now forgotten, it sufficed for to  
make

make them happy that they were in each other's presence: their sighs, their silence, their cries, their joy, their grief were alternately expressive of their various unconnected sentiments.

We are told that in ancient times Orpheus by means of his music suspended the tortures of Tartarus; in the like manner did the sight of the two lovers stop the flowing tears of the other captives for a few moments: now for the first time they felt an alleviation to their sufferings. But Strato who had withdrawn, soon returned: the sacrifice was nearly finished; it was time for Polydorus to leave the vessel, and to return on  
shore

shore : in vain would he have wished to prolong the precious moments ; he was just parting from Charite, when Strato received information that it was now too late to put the boat to sea, the other chiefs having already joined their respective ships. The winds began to fill the sails, and the chearful seamen to shout for joy at the happy success of the sacrifice.—Strato after having embraced Polydorus, locked him up with the rest of the captives, and trusted to Providence for what might ensue.

THE END OF BOOK I.

BOOK



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BOOK II.

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THE shades of night had vanished away, the approach of the sun was whitening the sky, the victims of the vengeance of Minos felt their miseries to be renewed by the returning morn, when the commander of the fleet assembled the other officers, and in company with them, proceeded to visit the prison. The unfortunate captives, upon their entering the place, imagined that their last hour was at hand. Seized with fear and horror they ran on all sides

sides, uttering the most dreadful lamentations, as if their useless flight could have secured them from destruction. Charite, all the while, was reclining in an attitude of despair; Polydorus who had ceased to kneel before her, durst not even lift up his eyes to her, for fear of being detected.

The Cretans were much surpris'd at finding one victim more than had been required by the treaty. Philocles, who commanded the expedition, was at a loss to account for such an extraordinary event, when Cupid, or some other propitious God, who watched over the life of Charite, inspired the Cretan chief  
with

with sentiments of pity. The barbarian who had spread desolation all over Attica, who had torn Charite from the arms of her dying mother, now became susceptible of humanity, and formed the project of relieving one of the unfortunate victims.—“Ministers of a severe law,  
“said he to his companions, when  
“he had left the prison, it does not  
“belong to us to be guilty of adding  
“new rigor to the original cruelty of  
“that law. There is no doubt but that  
“one of those strangers was not destined to share in the fate of the rest.  
“Let us hasten to remedy our former mistake. I am determined  
“to consult chance a second time  
“in order to discover which of them  
“is

“is to be set at liberty.”—Here he ended his speech, proceeded to view the seven male captives, who were kept in chains, and then returned to his own vessel.

The sea which separates Crete from Attica, is that which is become famous from the despair of Ægeus, and has since been called by his name. It is covered with innumerable islands, which are likewise renowned in consequence of the several monuments that have been erected in many of them. There the forsaken Latona sought a refuge against the persecuting fury of Juno. Delos, one of the Cyclades, was the only spot where she could procure an asylum, and

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it is recorded in history that Jupiter, upon that account, fixed it with his own hand to the isles of Gyarus and Mycone, whereas it had hitherto been a floating island. Such navigators as sail up those seas may also discover Scyros, which was rendered famous by the retreat of Achilles; and nearer the coast of Crete, the small island of Scriphe, where the inhabitants were all metamorphosed into rocks at the sight of the head of Medusa.

The Cyclade-islands are so numerous that the navigators easily discover several of them from the time when the sun quits the mountains of Phoenicia, to that when he plunges  
into

into the seas of Epirus. The commander apprized the other captains that his intention was to cast anchor at the first of the islands which they should approach, and there to send on shore the captive in whose favour fortune should declare, and soon after handed up Charite, intimating that the goddess had preferred her.

Charite, absorbed in thought, and anxious about her lover, gave no attention to the imparting of the news which brought such a change in her condition. Nothing of what passed around her could interrupt her deep meditation. She neither could see or hear those who were

come to relieve her;—perhaps she would have been insensible also of her leaving the ship had not Polydorus been left behind her.

Phœbus had now just disappeared from the horizon, to go and join his beloved Thetis; a cool breeze refreshed the air; night had not as yet brought on repose, however silence began to prevail at the approach of dusk; it seemed as if nature was about to rest after the labour and fatigue of the day.—There was no repose for Charite to expect, she was forced to step down into the boat; her sighs and tears redoubled at her being compelled to quit the vessel which was become so dear to her; she



she followed it with her eyes as far as she possibly could, but the swelling waves and the shades of night soon stole it from her view. She then enquired of the soldiers what were their designs, but she addressed them in vain, they all continued silent, and when they had reached the shore two of them handed or rather carried her out of the boat, placed her upon a small eminence, and immediately returned to join the fleet.

Her sensations, upon being thus abandoned on an unknown coast exceeded all description. She could only hear from a distance the dashing of the oars,—Charite was forsaken;—the

roaring waves, the boisterous winds, and still more the darkness of the night increased the horror of her situation.—She then appealed to the gods. O Jupiter! O Neptune! O Minerva! Ye righteous gods who are acquainted with my innocent wishes, wherefore have you opposed them? Why have you condemned me to this cruel banishment? Have I ever formed one single criminal design? Have I not always worshipped you? Alas! obedient to your laws, was I not bound to obey my mother's commands? I was about to contract a long wished for marriage. How cruelly fortune has severed those sacred bonds! My unfortunate husband has been torn from me, and though I  
have

have since been permitted to see and embrace him, what torrents of tears am I not at present sentenced to shed in expiation of my transient joys! Ah! Polydorus! Polydorus! What destiny awaits you! Why have I not been suffered to share in your perils? Ye Gods whom I implore, pity my boundless miseries! What crimes have I been guilty of that you punish me so severely? If you only wish to try my faith, why do you also persecute my lover? This said, she repeated a thousand times the name of Polydorus. The nymphs and fairies heard her lamentation from the deep recesses of their caves, and the demi-gods likewise who inhabited those unhappy coasts, The deities of the sea who  
are

are concealed in their watery grottos, could not abstain from lamenting the hard case of the two lovers.

Charite wept all thenight long: her deep anxiety had not permitted her to close her eyes. On the approach of morn she descended from the rock highly elevated above the sea and the plain, and was proceeding slowly to seek for a retreat in a neighbouring forest, when some shepherds, who were conducting their flocks towards the sea shore, rushed out of the shady forest. Charite, terrified at their aspect, ran to hide herself amongst the rocks in hopes of not being detected. The shepherds, however, who had witnessed her apprehensions,

prehensions, observed her flight, followed her close; and easily succeeded in securing her. They knew her by her dress to be a stranger, but not guessing at the motive of her seeking a refuge on those deserted coasts, they carried her away by force, and confined her in a dreary cavern.

The country to which Charite had been driven by the winds and adverse fortune chanced to be the isle of Naxos, which soon after was rendered famous by the misfortunes of Ariadne, and the love of Bacchus. Ænarus, who reigned in the island had never kindled the torch of Hymen, but being under an obligation of appointing a successor to his throne,  
he

he had formed a design of marrying his sister, Cydippe to Agenor, sole heir to an illustrious family which descended from the ancient kings of Naxos. Agenor accordingly was looked upon, and treated as apparent heir to the crown. The time of his marriage had not yet been fixed upon, the young prince endeavouring day after day to find out some pretext or other for deferring it; not but that from the expectation of ascending the throne he considered the union as highly advantageous, but the disproportion between his age and that of the princess caused him to be repugnant to the match although it flattered his ambition.

Cydippe

Cydicpe had noticed Agenor's indifference. Had she manifested the least displeasure, the king her brother would certainly not have compelled her, contrary to her inclination, to conclude the union ; but she loved the prince and her partiality induced her to dissemble the mortification she felt at her sentiments not being returned.

Thus was the court of Naxos situated when Charite landed in the island, where she soon experienced the most perfidious violation of the sacred rights of hospitality.

When at length she obtained the liberty of being heard, she informed  
the



the barbarians who detained her in chains that she was a native of Athens, and that from a Cretan fleet, on board of which she had been carried out of her country, she had been brought on their coast.

The plain simple recital, and the graces with which she accompanied her narration, conveyed persuasion into the minds of those who had consented to listen to her: she was set at liberty, and they promised her some assistance provided she would share in their labours. The next day she was committed to tend part of their flocks. Sterope's daughter thus compelled to submit to her hard fate, repaired daily, with a crook in her

her hand to a solitary wood and there gave full vent to her grief, and a free course to her tears.

One day that she was overpowered with affliction and fatigue; sleep at length took possession of her agitated senses. The prince of Naxos, who had lost his way during the chase, happened to pass by that spot, saw her and might have mistaken her for Diana, had it not been for the crook which she held in her hand. He stopped, gazed upon her, and was enamoured with her charms, her garments being rather disordered owing to the excessive heat of the day. The prince's wandering eyes grew fiery; his transported soul

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felt

felt the intoxication of flattering poison. Blinded, subdued by his flaming desires he approached—O unfortunate Charite!—but she awoke, and cried out. In vain did Agenor fall on his knees before her: Charite as swift as the flying arrow escaped him, and disappeared from his eyes. --Swift as Atalanta, she left the prince, who was in great disorder of mind.

When Agenor recovered his proper senses, he felt more severely the dart which had pierced his heart. A secret impulse brought him back several times to the same spot, but in vain did he look for Charite, who no more returned to the forest. The only effect which her absence  
pro-

produced however was to heighten the love of the young prince; who irritated at the obstacles which opposed his new passion, determined to exert his utmost efforts to obtain its gratification.

Charite had, however, apparently met in that desert with the only tranquillity which she could enjoy. She had gained the confidence of the savage inhabitants: the shepherds who at first had treated her as a common slave, now revered her as a protecting Divinity. She partook of their fatigues, and even appeared to do it unreluctantly. But destiny envied her even that repose which she purchased so dearly. The recol-

G 2

lection

lection of her adventure prevented her ever returning to the forest, but she always kept near the sea shore, and was continually turning her eyes towards the waves which had separated her from her lover, and for the last time witnessed the expression of their mutual affection.

She passed whole days in melancholy reverie, and when Hesperus returned to warn the husbandman that his labour of that day was at an end, she would count the sheep and goats committed to her charge, and bring them gently back into their fold.

In this manner was Charite discharging

charging the duties which the Destinies had allotted her, when she discovered from a distance a young female slave, who appeared to come to her for protection. Charite like all others in affliction was possessed of great feelings; and ran to meet the distressed adventurer. The young slave falling on her knees requested Charite would inform her where she could find a retreat, there to be sheltered from the ill treatment of her master, from whom, she said, she had just ran away, and who had sent in pursuit of her. Charite being moved with pity embraced and comforted her: she next promised to take her home for that night, and in the morning to solicit the hospi-

ality of the cottagers in favor of the young fugitive.

She had scarce finished these words, when she was surrounded by a troop of satellites, who seized and loaded her with chains. In vain did she enquire what offence she had committed; they returned no answer, but dragged her away with great brutality, and after having travelled several stadia, at last brought her to a solitary prison, where she was confined. O Destiny, exclaimed Charite, wilt thou never be tired with persecuting me? is this the reward due to virtue and humanity?

For three whole days Charite was  
left



left alone to her gloomy reflections; for three whole days she was denied all kind of nourishment; neither had she the faculty of closing her eyes but at intervals, when after having shed torrents of tears she was unable to keep them open any longer.

However in the midst of her sufferings, the image of Polydorus would present itself to her mind, and partly alleviate her sorrow. She still retained the yellow veil which the brides of Attica used to wear during the festivals of Hymen; and which she had received from the hands of her lover on the day when their misfortunes had begun. Cha-  
rite

rite took off the precious ornament, and with a crayon, would write the name of Polydorus upon it; then she would erase it to write her own; at other times she would intermix them together.

On the fourth day the barbarians who had carried her from her peaceful retreat, came to fetch her from the prison. She was brought before the judges. Cleonidas, equerry to prince Agenor charged her with having facilitated the escape of one of his female slaves, and accordingly demanded that she herself, according to the laws of the country, should be condemned to slavery and become his property.

A confused murmur was heard throughout the whole assembly. All who were present agreed to the motion of Cleonidas. The judges, whom both he and the prince had previously bribed, condemned Charite without hearing her defence, and her new master leaving the coast bade her follow him. Cleonidas, on this occasion acted only by the directions of Agenor. The prince who was more enraptured than ever with the beauty of Charite had planned the cruel scheme with a view of taking her from a retreat which he had been at great pains to discover.

It was soon after reported that the  
prince

prince of Naxos was in love with one of the female slaves of his favourite Cleonidas. The princess his intended bride heard of it, and the intelligence inflamed her passion against the unfortunate object of Agenor's partiality. She sent for Cleonidas, and intreated him to give up his new slave, whom she wished to keep amongst her own women: Cleonidas at first seemed unwilling to comply with Cydippe's request, but she insisted, and even threatened him with her displeasure in case he would not immediately grant her petition.

Cleonidas was compelled to obey.  
During two days that Charite had  
been

been detained in his house, Agenor had not ceased soliciting her consent to his desires. The promise of restoring her to liberty was the least benefit which the prince offered her, in hopes of engaging her to repay his passion; but Charite whom eternal ties had already bound to Polydorus, needed not even the cherished recollection, to resist the proffers of the prince of Naxos: then was it that she discovered his having been the author of the odious plan which had brought her into servitude.

Cydippe coloured at the sight of her new slave. The striking beauty of Charite revived her jealousy, and from her heart she swore the most implaca-

implacable hatred to her rival, and only thought of the most cruel means of tormenting her. All these means which enraged, despised love could suggest were put in practice: contempt, outrage, painful labour, and the most barbarous treatment were inflicted by command of Cydippe, who thought her rival deserving of all the tortures which her imagination could contrive.

Charite, although she was reduced to such a disgraceful condition, found it still preferable to her continuing in the possession of Cleonidas: her new mistress, at least, protected her from the persecuting addresses of Agenor, when she had  
every

every reason to fear, and from whose rash attempts she could not have been secured unless under the eyes of Cydippe.

However, the palace of the princess did not afford her a safe asylum. Agenor found means of obtaining private admittance, and Charite would have been ruined if he had succeeded in his plans; but Cydippe was apprized of them in due time, and counteracted them, so as to render them abortive.

The very next day in order to disappoint the prince's expectations she ordered Charite to be removed to a solitary house, at the extremity of the  
H island,



island, with a strong guard to protect her from insult, and at the same time be made to work at hard labour without intermission.

Charite was confined nearly two months in her solitude: her chains were never taken off but when she was employed to till the ground, and were instantly put on again when she was allowed to discontinue her labour. If the heat of the day, or the excess of fatigue compelled her to interrupt her occupations, they would beat her most cruelly, although her powers were exhausted, until she resumed her work. Thus formerly Io when persecuted by Juno, and committed to the guard of Argus,  
uninter-

uninterruptedly endured the most barbarous usage.

Agenor at length discovered Charite's retreat, and whether actuated by love, or by compassion, determined to rescue her. With the aid of Cleonidas he soon collected a considerable number of slaves and friends, and, marching at their head, arrived at the retreat where Charite had been so long confined.

It was night before they reached the place: Charite and her savage guards occupied a solitary house far distant from the road. The doors were easily broken open; Agenor advanced, the guards ran to their arms

to oppose him. The young prince redoubled his efforts, and the contest grew warm and bloody, owing to the darkness of the night. Charite however succeeded in disengaging herself, and effected her escape unperceived, whilst both parties were engaged. She was alarmed to such a degree, as may easily be imagined, that she durst not even look behind her, and was content with imploring the Gods whom she had so repeatedly invoked unheard.

Aurora had but just opened the gates of heaven, when the unfortunate fugitive reached a forest which she had discovered from a distance. There she hoped to hide herself, but  
scarcely

scarcely had she entered it, when she recollected the fatal place where the prince of Naxos had met her the first time. Long enough she had withheld her tears, but now they began to flow abundantly. O miserable Charite! exclaimed she; to whom shall I now have recourse? Shall I go and meet those shepherds whom I served? No, they have betrayed me. Shall I go to Cydippe who hates me, or to the prince whose love is a thousand times more injurious than her aversion? No—Alas! What fatal star must have presided at my birth?—I who have lost my lover and am reduced to shed tears which have him not for their object! At these words she advanced

H 3

towards

towards the sea shore. The excess of her grief having disordered her mind, she was going to plunge into the sea, but her wasted powers would not permit her to proceed; and she fell overwhelmed with affliction and fatigue. Nature, though nearly exhausted, opposed those last efforts which would have terminated at once her miseries and existence.

She passed the whole of that day in that sad condition. The most dreadful ideas continually occurred to her mind. She could not sleep, and yet the most frightful dreams and visions appeared to haunt her. Sometimes she thought she saw Polydorus delivered up to the Cretan monster;

monster: she beheld him extended on the sand, whilst the minotaur was devouring his mangled limbs. Sometimes the brutal prince of Naxos abused her unfortunate situation: she shuddered: the tremendous thought awoke her from her slumber; she tried to rise: wretched creature! She found herself in the arms of a man who pressed her most tenderly.-- Be gone cruel monster, cried she -- But, oh heavens! What a surprise! Her cheeks were bedewed with the tears of the stranger. — It was Polydorus! — Her voice failed her, she fainted away, and Polydorus in a paroxysm of grief accused the gods who had only restored his

his mistress to him to snatch her away for ever.

He embraced his unfortunate spouse, clasped her to his breast, and revived her with his breath. Love soon brought Charite from the avenues of death: she half opened her eyes, beheld the light of the day anew, as also the lover whom she thought she had lost. She pressed Polydorus to relate his adventures, but he had hardly begun, when she would interrupt him to recite her own.—Polydorus listened attentively: each circumstance awakened his curiosity: each event he thought grew more and more interesting.—Polydorus's narrative was brief: he had landed



in Crete a short time after having been separated from Charite. Forty days had been consecrated to purify the victims, and when at the expiration they were delivered up to the monster, Theseus, the son of the king of Athens, who was one amongst the number, killed the Minotaur, and got out of the Cretan labyrinth by means of a thread with which Ariadne had supplied him. Ariadne, the daughter of Minos, not daring to encounter the resentment of her father, fled with Theseus; but the ungrateful prince brought her to Naxos, there to forsake her. Polydorus had followed the fortunes of Theseus, and had just landed when he discovered his unfortunate bride who,

who, as he imagined had lost the use of her senses.

The latter part of this recital was often interrupted by the tears of the two lovers: fortune who had persecuted them, had once more brought them together after so many succeeding misadventures. The gods seemed to have tried them only to make them more sensible of the joys of loving and meeting one another again. They were clasped in each others arms, and would not have left this entrancing posture, had not Polydorus, fearful of Charite's safety, not put her in mind of her danger, and invited her to repair to a neighbouring

bouring hamlet, and there solicit an  
asylum.

Charite yielded to his persuasions, though reluctantly, as she suspected the shepherds, who had betrayed her once before. She was engaged in communicating her apprehensions to Polydorus when they discovered two vessels that were approaching the coast. Let us seize this opportunity, said Charite ; let us speak to those people: perhaps they are bound to our country.

Let us go and restore our parents to that tranquility and ease of which our absence has deprived them. They bewail our death, like as I have  
lamented

lamented yours; I may then be a better judge of their misery, to which it is our duty to put an end. We should be to blame were we not to make them partakers of that happiness which we now enjoy. Whilst thus conversing they approached the shore. The crew had already cast their anchors; and the seamen had landed, followed by a company of soldiers. Polydorus accosted the commander. "We are Athenians," said he, "our vessel was wrecked  
" upon these coasts: have the good-  
" nefs to receive us both on board  
" and carry us to our native coun-  
" try."

The commander answered him  
with

with a sneer, that his wishes would soon be fulfilled, and invited them to embark immediately. The two ships belonged to some Phœnician pirates who sailed along those coasts to capture all that should fall in their way, and sell them as slaves. Polydorus perceived his imprudence but when it was too late to be remedied. He was forced into one of the vessels. In vain did he beseech them not to separate him from his bride. Charite was carried on board the other ship. The pirates immediately cut their cables, and, aided by a favorable gale, soon lost sight of the isle of Naxos.

THE END OF BOOK II.

I

BOOK

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BOOK III.

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THE vessels had scarcely been under sail for two hours, when the winds began to rage, and the parted waves to open their bosom, and shew the bottom of the deep abyfs.

O Venus! exclaimed Charite, command those waves wherein thou wert born to respect the life of my lover. O Love! Thou master of the universe, come and protect the most perfect of all thy works! Her prayers

ers were interrupted by the cries of the seamen. The thunder roared, the winds were furious, the seamen grew pale; the terrified pilot no longer found any relief in his skill; night was coming on; their fears redoubled, and the image of death was present to them all.

The tempest continued to rage till the hours had prepared the chariot of Apollo. Æolus, from the bottom of his cave summoned the boisterous winds before him, and enchained them with his own hands; yet, though confined in their deep cells, they were heard to groan at a distance, and to roar from



disappointment at their fury being restrained.

The pirates now willing to dispose of their captives, determined to go to Sestos, during the celebration of the festivals in honour of Adonis. They thought that on account of the great number of foreigners who resorted thither, to be present at the ceremony, they could not expect to meet with a better opportunity.

The city of Sestos is situated in the Chersonesus, and built on a promontory which bears the same name. The sea that bathes the walls of the town is called the Hellespont, from Helle, the sister of Phryxus who formerly

merly was drowned, whilst crossing the straight on the celebrated ram with the golden fleece.

It was an ancient custom to celebrate yearly in this town the festivals of Adonis and Venus: it is even reported that it was during those ceremonies that Leander had the first sight of the youthful Hero.

Those festivals were celebrated also in the neighbouring countries, whither the people resorted in crowds from Greece and Asia. The inhabitants of Abydos, Colophon, Ephesus, and even of the interior parts of Libanus came to Sestos to pay their devotions to the God-

deſs of Love. The inhabitants of Lemnos and Tempe, in ſhort all the nations between the ſea and mount Cytheron, went to offer ſacrifices to Venus, and bewail the death of her unfortunate lover.

During the time of thoſe feſtivals it is cuſtomary to celebrate alſo thoſe of Cupid, a whole day being devoted to this particular devotion; and at this time the pirates landed. Polydorus was brought to the market place with the other ſlaves. Upon his firſt appearance the feſtival was ſuſpended; the people ran on all ſides and ſtrewed flowers in his way. They thought they ſaw Cupid himſelf, who, ſenſible of their homage, was come  
to

to mingle in their sports. But Polydorus, with downcast eyes, was addressing his secret vows to the son of Venus; the festival, notwithstanding the chearfulness of all who were present, only recalled to his mind the recollection of his sorrows.

In the mean time the youths of both sexes, clad in white robes, with garlands of flowers on their heads began to make their appearance, and advanced in procession.

At first they all joined in a chorus, and sang: " Accept of our  
" homage, most powerful God, who  
" reignest over the whole universe;  
" thou who didst commit the heaven-  
" ly

ly fire to the possession of Prometheus; who gavest laws to the elements and existence to the chaos. Sole life of nature, come and reign over us; relinquish Cytherea, come and let our land be thy future habitation."

Another band of these youths then sang responsive: "Remote from us be that malignant deity, whom lustful desires precede, and repentance follows: never does happiness attend his presence: jealousy, hatred and despair sprung out in company with him from Pandora's box. O you who hear us, beware of following the dangerous phantom; the pleasures which  
" compose

“ compose his train, are only delu-  
“ five images of real enjoyments.”

“ There exists another God of love,”  
returned the young virgins, “ a pro-  
“ pitious God, who inhabited this  
“ earth during the reign of Cybele,  
“ and has sometimes since forsaken  
“ the heavens in compliance with the  
“ requests of mortals. Innocence and  
“ virtue brought him up in their tem-  
“ ple for the happiness of mankind.  
“ Author of real felicity he bestows it  
“ upon all his faithful worshippers.  
“ He is our support in the midst of  
“ our calamities, and awakens our  
“ fortitude when we are the most  
“ dejected. Oh! you, who hear us  
“ hasten to acknowledge his power,  
“ and

“ and believe that he alone is wor-  
“ thy of your adoration.”

Dearest Charite, exclaimed Polydorus, on a sudden, that is the God whom I wish to adore, and whose protection I implore in your behalf.

The words renewed the attention of the people who gazed upon him with equal amazement and concern; when an aged man, piercing through the crowd, ran forward to embrace him. Alas! said he, this is the son whom the Fates had stolen away from me, and whom, moved at my distress, they have returned— But what do I say? what an illusion! ye inhabitants of Sestos I thought I  
had



had seen my son again in the person of this slave: his features struck me at first sight, but the likeness is a mere sport of chance which has only contributed to revive my regret.

Nausicrates, as he uttered these words embraced Polydorus, and the unfortunate youth being moved with compassion thought no more of his own calamities the moment he witnessed the renewal of those which his presence had occasioned. The chief of the pirates advanced, however, to tear them from each others arms, but the sight of Polydorus gave Nausicrates too much pleasure for him to renounce it willingly. The generous old man paid for his

for his ransom, and carried him home with him. All the people who felt interested at the event, poured forth their benedictions upon Nauficrates, and recommended the youth to his hospitality. They both reached the sea shore and entered a boat to return to the old man's house.

The city of Abydos where Nauficrates resided, was the place where Leander was born: it is built exactly facing Sestos on the other bank of the Hellespont. Nauficrates during their passage constantly kept his eyes fixed upon Polydorus, and could not refrain from anticipating the surprise

prise of his wife, Themisto, when she should see the young stranger.

She was standing on the sea shore, waiting for the return of her husband; and was accusing his tardiness at the moment when he made his appearance. Nausicrates disembarked; his virtuous wife was advancing to meet him, but she had already discovered and noticed Polydorus, and the excess of her astonishment struck the old man with terror.—Who is this youth? cried she: what do I see here?—Make yourself easy, my dear Themisto, interrupted the old man; the gods who had deprived you of your son, are now willing to send you some

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conso-

consolation.—No, returned she in a trembling voice, no, this is not my son: no later than this morning I have been pouring libations of milk over his ashes: it is not he, I tell you, his manes have crossed the Styx, and can no longer hear my lamentations.

As soon as Themisto was capable of listening to the recital of the adventure that had taken place, Polydorus became as dear to her, as he was to her husband. Neither of them could ever be tired with gazing upon or embracing him: nay, sometimes they would call him a protecting God who was come to alleviate their sorrow. Polydorus moved at  
such

such a sight shared in their sentiments, wiped away their tears, and sympathized in their grief: his own misfortunes seemed to lessen in proportion as he could find means to contribute to the felicity of others.

The cottage of Nausicrates stood close by the gates of the city. When Polydorus entered the humble mansion he felt an impression of respect. The neatness and simplicity of the habitation recalled to his mind the history of that worthy couple who formerly had received the gods under their hospitable roof.

The whole riches of the virtuous pair consisted in a few acres of land

K 2

which

which they cultivated themselves, and a flock, part of which they used to take to market at Sestos, at the time of the festivals. From the very next day after Polydorus's arrival they entrusted him with the care of the whole, though not as to a slave from whom they exacted hard labour, but as to a favourite son whom they wished to load with benefits.

Polydorus's constant vigilance and attention soon procured an increase of riches to his benefactors. He was employed the whole day; rose very early to tend the flock, which he brought home again in the evening, and then carried a sufficient quantity of milk to his master, who upon  
his

his return, felt that pleasing\*enfati-  
on which proceeds from real friend-  
ship, and of which his long absence  
had deprived him.

Polydorus seemed to enjoy, in the  
city of Abydos, that innocence of  
life which habit and education had  
taught him how to value. He loved  
the worthy couple whom he served no  
less than they loved him: they were  
happy in his presence, and would  
have made him so, if Polydorus  
could have relished any joy whilst se-  
parated from Charite.

At a small distance from the city  
there was a temple of Cupid which  
was become famous all over Greece.



This temple had been erected on the top of a mountain where the God was said to have retired once when he wished to shun those perfidious hearts that disgraced his rites. There Polydorus would go every evening after having finished his work, and implore the protection of the God who had hitherto treated him with so much rigor.

On the back part of Nauficrates's habitation there was a garden, at the bottom of which he had planted a grove of myrtle trees, and erected a statue of Hymen in the middle. The good old man would frequently visit the grove, and address his devotions

votions to the God who had lavished so many blessings upon him.

One day in the year he particularly devoted to a more solemn thanksgiving, which was the anniversary of his happy union with Themisto. Upon this occasion they invited their friends; they crowned their heads with flowers, and poured libations of wine, and sometimes would sacrifice a goat or a heifer.

They had been performing this ceremony, and were but just retired, when Polydorus continued alone at the foot of the statue. Night came on and he fell asleep. His senses had not been long steeped in forgetfulness

fulness before he was alarmed by a most frightful dream. He dreamt the statue had become animated, and that the God Hymen, with a torch in his hand, pointed out to him Charite in the arms of an happy rival.—Polydorus shuddered at the dreadful vision: he awoke in a transport of rage. Unpropitious and unjust fortune, exclaimed he, why will you persecute me even in my sleep? Why will you not suffer me to enjoy that sweet repose which nature hath granted to the vilest even of the brute creation?—No, my dearest Charite, I know you well; and if you be still alive, you have not betrayed me.—But, resumed he, a moment after, is not this dream a warning

warning from the gods? Ah! Charite, Charite, you have forsaken me! Another object has gained thy affections. Where shall I go in pursuit of the rash seducer? I must relinquish this habitation and fly.—But Nausiocrates and Themisto! must I abandon you? O miserable wretch! Why must honour and gratitude bind me here, when love and Hymen call me elsewhere?

However, yielding to a secret irresistible power, he fell asleep a second time: but the same dream which had tormented him before returned.—Now, cried he, all my suspicions are realized, Charite is unfaithful! Hymen himself has revealed the  
dreadful

dreadful secret, I will go—I will go and upbraid her with her treachery, even in the presence of her new lover.—I am determined, love has ordained it so, and love shall be obeyed. Ye gods who witness my miseries, do justice to my innocence, and shower down everlasting benefits on the virtuous Nausicles, and unfortunate Themisto.

As soon as the day began to dawn, Polydorus went to the port in search of a vessel bound for Greece, which he found easily, because the inhabitants of Abydos send annually considerable offerings to the God of Epidaurus. The ship which carried those presents being ready, Polydorus

lydorus seized the opportunity of returning into his native country, where he expected to meet Charite, living with her mother, and in case he should be deceived in his expectations, to pay his respects to Pisistratus, and then to proceed in quest of Charite.

Polydorus at the moment when he quitted the port could not but feel great distress. The remembrance of Nausicrates and Themisto caused him much uneasiness: he constantly implored the gods in their behalf, and wished them all kind of prosperity.

As he drew near the coasts of  
Greece,

Greece, he experienced a great agitation in his mind; and the instant the ship arrived in port, unable to wait till the presents were carried to the temple, he went on shore, to enquire for the most expeditious conveyance to Corinth.

At about half a mile from the city of Epidaurus, an old man who was leading his flock accosted him thus: Young stranger, said he, if you wish to go to town, I would advise you to wait till to-morrow. Night is coming on, stay with me; I can offer you some milk for your repast, and some fresh leaves to sleep upon.—I accept your offer, replied Polydorus,



Polydorus, may Jupiter-Hospitalis repay you for your kindness.

This said they proceeded: a numerous family came to meet the old man, and welcomed Polydorus. The old man then raising his voice said: Stranger, it has not been long since our country has enjoyed the blessings of peace: it is only a few months since that, owing to the valour of one single man, we live in safety.

A ferocious giant of the name of Scinis, inhabited our country: the savage monster attacked all travellers, and made them suffer the most cruel death. His strength was

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so prodigious that he could bend to the ground two lofty pine-trees, and after having tied his victims to both the trees, he would let go his hold in such a manner that the pines rising again tore the unfortunate victims to pieces. I myself have been an eye-witness of his last crime, as also to the punishment which he so amply deserved. I cannot help shuddering even now at the very thought of it. I was going to town across the forest, and walked as fast as my years would permit, when I met a young man and a young woman, much about the same age. They begged of me to shew them their way, informing me at the same time they were Cretans. I directed them and wished

wished them a good journey; but I had scarcely proceeded a few paces when I heard the forest ring with piercing cries; and turned my head to see what could be the occasion of those lamentations when I discovered the giant who had seized the young man, and was dragging him by the hair of his head. His young wife followed them close, intreating him to spare the life of her husband, but far from moving him to pity, her solicitations only heightened his rage.

The Cretan had but just expired when Theseus came to the spot. It is impossible that you should not have heard of that hero, who is

reckoned next to Alcides, and is the admiration of all Greece. He has since killed the Cretan monster, and several other banditti who spread desolation through Achaia. Although Ægeus his father has been dead a year, he prefers perilous enterprises, and military exploits to the peaceful lustre of a throne.

Theseus, as I have told you before, arrived as the young Cretan had just expired. He attacked the giant and after having disarm'd him, made him suffer that same cruel mode of death of which he had been the inventor. The hero then pulled up the two trees which had been instrumental to his barbarity in order

der to erase even the memory of so horrid a cruelty.

I had stopped at some distance, continued the old man, penetrated with fear and dismay, and could perceive the young Cretan woman occupied in collecting the scattered members of her husband. I advanced to assist her in the pious office, and then brought her home with me. A few days after she had a tomb erected on the spot where the unfortunate victim had expired, and close by this monument has consecrated another to the memory of one of her brothers, who she said, had died a short time before.

This being completely finished

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she built a small hut for herself, where she has resided ever since, between the wandering manes of her brother and husband. We must pass by it as we go to town to-morrow, and will alight there a moment. Such an example is a proper object for your contemplation: if you cherish virtue and piety you cannot but be moved at it. Now, go and rest yourself: I will take care to call you in the morning, when it is time for us to set off.

Ah! dear father, said Polydorus, how much she is to be pitied! How cruel it is to lose the object of our tenderest affections.

Polydorus

Polydorus said no more but retired to the room which had been prepared for him. The story which he had heard filled his mind with most gloomy reflections. What! said he sighing, does love only make us miserable! When two hearts seem to make but one he will disjoin them, or at least expose them to absence, forgetfulness, and infidelity! If so a feeling heart is the most pernicious gift of heaven!

At day break, the old man, whose name was Menthes, called Polydorus and they departed. It may happen, said Menthes, as they entered the forest, that we shall not find the young woman at home: she is obliged



ged to go to town every morning for to fetch her necessary provisions ; but, however, we will look at the monuments.

They soon discovered, in a remote part of the forest, where accidentally grew some cypress trees, two small pyramids, each of them surmount-  
ed with an earthen urn. They both bore an inscription. Polydorus approached and read these words :  
“ To the unfortunate Choræbus ! ”  
He then drew near the other and read :  
“ To the unfortunate Polydorus . ”

He remained speechless ; his trembling knees failed him. Menthes flew to his assistance. Polydorus at  
the

the same instant rushed with fury upon Choræbus's column as if his weak hands could have pulled it down; but all his faculties forsook him at once, and he fell senseless by that monument which bore his name.

In the mean time the young woman returned, perceived old Menthes, and ran to meet him.—But, lo! what a sight!—A man leaning on Polydorus's tomb, with his face turned to the ground. He rose.—Charite saw him:—Dear husband, cried she, are you restored to me?—Is this your ghost which rises from the tomb to visit your disconsolate bride?—Polydorus returned no answer; but seized and was going to stab

stab her on the tomb of Choræbus, but Menthes stopped his arm. Charite, terrified at his rage, dropt senseless before him, and her grief alone would have killed her, had not the venerable Menthes instantly given her all manner of assistance.

Charite was a long while before she recovered.—The danger which she had so recently escaped sufficed to revive Polydorus's affections. Jealousy had blinded him, but the present condition of Charite, and his apprehension of losing her, soon brought him to himself again, and restored him to her he loved. He relinquished at once his former suspicions.—When Charite opened her  
eyes

eyes she found herself pressed in the arms of the most affectionate of men.

Let me go, said she; let me die! Why will you bring me to life again. He whom I adore, no longer loves me! O Polydorus you have doubted my fidelity! This is the only misfortune left, which the rigor of the gods could inflict upon me.

Compose yourself, replied Polydorus: the daughters of Erebus had tortured my heart; they had been pouring the poisons of jealousy into my mind; but I think I have, yes I have, in reality, seen all the celestial powers in one of your looks, to the power  
of

of which the Eumenides must yield: I love, I adore you, my dearest Charite —But, what do I say? Your lover no longer deserves to behold the light. I have suspected you! I have.—No, do not believe it; neither my heart nor reason have any share in the frantic idea.—Listen to me, however, interrupted Charite, and permit your spouse to vindicate her conduct.—To vindicate your conduct! exclaimed Polydorus! and from what? from an imaginary crime, which I do not credit? No, you are not, you cannot be guilty. I know you well enough; I can see you, and am certain of your virtue. You have ever been faithful to me: my love for you, my remorse, your presence,  
your

your looks tell me so.—Hear me however, returned Charite with a smile. You now will believe that I am innocent, but you have indulged former suspicions: I blame you not, or at least I am unwilling to reproach you with injustice, since yours has been conducive to convince you of my affection.—Ah! cried Polydorus, avenge yourself.—Of whom, returned Charite?—At these words they flew into each other's arms, and mingled their tears: their careffes were only interrupted by their tears.—Menthes, whose tender feelings were revived by the interesting scene, returned thanks to the gods whose wisdom and goodness will ever prevail.

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As soon as the two lovers could recover their voice, Charite said to Polydorus: 'Though you will not listen to my justification, consent at least to hear a recital of my misfortunes. Behold that monument which my hands had erected to your manes: alas! I thought I had lost you forever, and the homage which I paid to your memory was the only means of rendering life supportable to your fond Charite. Do you remember that fatal moment when the pirates separated us? I saw them tear you away from me, and carry you on board of another vessel: the same moment which had brought us together again, plunged me into new miseries. Fortune had scarcely restored



stored you to my wishes, when I was condemned to bewail thy absence! Cruel separation indeed! My heart was torn, my soul followed thee.

At first I had some hopes that our ravishers would sail in company together, and carry us to the same place. In the midst of my sufferings I felt some comfort at not losing sight of the ship in which you was confined: it was a consolation for me, I complained less of the rigor of my destiny; but on a sudden the raging winds and swelling waves made me fear for your life. I loudly implored the protection of Venus: I called on you, and on that God, whose

chains we bear, but in vain did your disconsolate lover invoke their powerful mercy. O thrice sad recollection! Your vessel was driven away by the mountainous waves, and the cries of my conductors informed me that there were no hopes left for either their companions or my betrothed Polydorus.

I will not undertake to describe my situation, nor even to relate what passed on board of the ship, as my senses had forsaken me. Death, whom I called to my aid, was deaf to my supplications. I tried to seek him in the bottom of the waves, but the cruel pity of the pirates saved me in spite of my own fury. I was  
accord-

accordingly forced to live, and was resigned, in hopes, at some future period, of erecting a monument to your ashes, and of watering it daily with my tears.

At the expiration of a few days we landed in Crete; I was sold to a rich citizen of Gnoſſus of the name of Phorbas. He was a man of an eaſy good temper, of a humane and beneficent diſpoſition; but Xanthippe, his wife proved to be quite the reverſe. However it was my good fortune to have the charge of the gardens, by which means I was ſeldom expoſed to be in her way.

The firſt eſſay which I made of  
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my bodily strength was to raise a small monument of turf in a distant grove : which being finished I called three different times on the ghost of my beloved Polydorus, intreating the deities of the Styx to be contented with the only homage it was in my power to pay you.

I had but just ended the painful-pleasing task when I thought I heard a noise, and hastily turned round, but could see nothing and resumed my usual occupations.

Every morning, at day break, I visited the monument, called on you aloud, and left a free course to my tears. One day I perceived the fragments

ments of a sacrifice. Libations had been poured over your tomb, and I could see the blood of a black sheep, the usual victim offered to Hecate, running down on all sides. I approached nearer and exclaimed, Whoever thou mayest be to whom I am indebted for this generous deed, rely upon my everlasting gratitude.

As I ended these words, Choræbus, the son of Phorbas advanced towards me. It was he whose benevolent hands had offered the sacrifice. Ah! my lord, said I kneeling before him, may the gods reward your piety. Choræbus hastened to help me up: his eyes were swelled with tears: he was a few moments without answering me,

me, and stood apparently in great confusion. On a sudden he fell on his knees, I wanted to run away from him:—Stop, said he: the homage which I am paying you is unworthy of neither of us. Listen to me, you will learn to know Choræbus; you will pity him, and perhaps acknowledge that he was deserving of a better fate.

I yielded to his entreaties, and stopped. Choræbus after having wiped away his tears addressed me as follows. That confidence which is said to originate from the enjoyments of intimacy or love, is a blessing as yet unknown to my novice heart. Great care has ever been taken in my father's

ther's house to seclude me from every object that might vivify those sentiments within me. Deprived of all manner of connection, secreted from and unknown to the world I did not even so much as know myself.—But, alas! I have seen you, adorable Charite, and since that happy instant, the universe has assumed a new face in my eyes. I have been acquainted with the want of loving at the same time when I became acquainted with its sweetness. Yes, I love you, but you shall have no occasion to apprehend any thing from me: never more will I offer to alarm your constant tenderness for another.

I am



I am no stranger to your misfortunes. I accompanied my father to Gnoffus when he bought you. Struck at the sight of your beauty, I enquired of the merchant your country and condition. He informed me that he had brought you from the island of Naxos ; that when he first met you there, you was in company with a young man, who since had perished in the waves, and whose loss you unceasingly lamented.

Moved at this recital, or perhaps yielding to a compulsive inclination, I determined to watch your motions. For two months past that you have lived in our family I have observed  
your

your chagrine, and sympathized in your grief which has contributed to increase my love for you. It is however my firm determination to respect the cause of your sorrows; and never would I have made a declaration of my sentiments, if it had been in my power to silence them. Pardon my involuntary offence; hate not a miserable wretch who does not deserve it.—Hate you! interrupted I, do not apprehend it. No, never will I hate the benefactor of my husband: the service which you have done him inspires me with the warmest gratitude, which is all that my heart can dispose of; as it belongs to that object whose manes I here reverence. Every day of my life will  
be

be devoted to lament his death. Listen to me in your turn, your heart is pure, and sensible of virtue; listen to me then, and you will hear of my former engagements, and actual duty.

I then, continued Charite, related to him the history of our amours, and of our cruel misfortunes. I thought within myself that the faithful description I was about to give him might at once put an end to all his expectations, and such was my only design; but shall I confess it? I mistook my own motive: I was preparing all the while to speak of you; to bring back to my mind the most pleasing recollection; and  
such

such indeed was my real inducement. Alas ! if the name of Polydorus had escaped from my lips ever since our separation, inanimated objects, the echoes alone could have heard it ; but this once a feeling heart was disposed to listen to me, and perhaps its owner would shed tears on the tomb of my husband.—When I had concluded my narration I overheard my companions who were calling me back to my labour ; I obeyed the summons, and left Choræbus involved in most serious meditation.

The next day I returned to the monument at my usual hour, and strewed it with flowers newly gathered

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thered, addressing my fervent prayers to the gods, without interruption. I continued several days longer to visit your tomb, and felt great satisfaction at Choræbus not following me there, from which I flattered myself that I had succeeded in extinguishing his rising passion.—In the mean time another slave was appointed to the care of the gardens, and my masters committed me to the interior service of the family. I could not but regret my former situation; I apprehended that the retreat where I used to pay my devotions to your ashes might be discovered; but fortune, relentless in persecuting me, reserved me for still greater misfortunes.

One

One day Phorbas invited his friends at a magnificent feast. Whilst I was engaged with my companions in waiting upon them, one of the guests knew me, by my accent, to be a foreigner, and approached me to enquire of what country I was.

I answered that I was a native of Athens, free born, but that I was now reduced to slavery, after a long series of misfortunes. As I spoke these words I could perceive his eyes to sparkle with fury, and was seized with terror, when on a sudden the raging guest, addressing Phorbas, said: Rash mortal, how has this slave, who was born amongst an impious perfidious nation, been granted a  
N 2                      refuge

refuge in your house? Have you forgot the reasons which Crete has to shudder at the very name of an Athenian? Do not you know that those treacherous enemies have basely murdered Androgeus; that they have killed the Minotaur; in short that Minos exasperated against them has demanded of all his subjects to partake of his resentment, and to put to death, without any exception, every Athenian who shall happen to fall into their hands? Let this slave instantly be delivered up to me, if not, I will inform against you myself, and apprize the king of your enormous perfidy.

Sage Lycophron, replied Phorbas,  
Jupiter



Jupiter can read into the bottom of my heart. I was totally ignorant of what this slave has just informed you: I thought her to be a native of the island of Naxos; the merchants of whom I bought her had told me so: but since she proves to be a native of those odious climes which we have so many reasons to detest, I will not oppose your just resentment, but most willing surrender her. The prince of Crete was dear to you: you have had the charge of his education, your resentment is but too well founded.

Goddeſs of vengeance, ſaid Lycophron, hear me. I muſt wait the neceſſary time required for the purification

fication of this vile polluted victim; but, I here take my solemn oath to sacrifice her myself on the tomb of Androgeus.

The other slaves were immediately ordered to seize me, and my companions, now become my torturers, dragged me by force to the house of the barbarous Lycophron.

O my dear Polydorus! With what impatience did I wait for the blow which was to unite us again. I considered death as the term of my calamities, and complained of his not using more speed.—The ceremonies of my expiation, however, were prepared, for the Cretans will combine

combine cruelty and outrage; they are not content with immolating the Athenians to the manes of Androgeus, but even use them as impure victims whose blemishes and corruption the lustral waters must wash away.

When the preparations were ended I was taken from the place of my confinement, and brought to the tomb of Androgeus: the people ran in crowds to see the cruel spectacle; almost all the inhabitants of Gnossus left the town to be present. I had approached the altar, the high priest held the sacred knife in his hand; Lycophron himself had grasped another, when, on a sudden, the sacrifice  
was

was interrupted by a violent tumult. Lycophron endeavoured to enquire into the cause of this unexpected disturbance; when a number of armed men rushed upon him and dispersed the multitude, whilst two of my deliverers carried me to the sea shore. They immediately helped me on board a vessel, which was in readiness to receive me, and cut the cables; when I could hear the fruitless clamours of the disappointed enraged spectators,

I was in the utmost surprise, and still ignorant to whom I was thus indebted for my deliverance, when Choræbus presented himself to my view. Beauteous Charite, said he, this

is the only circumstance in which the gods have favoured me. Now that you are at liberty, tell me where you wish to go; the only recompence which I intend to claim is the satisfaction of obeying your commands, of fulfilling your wishes: you have nothing more to apprehend from my love, long since has respect condemned it to be silent.

Most generous Choræbus, replied I, believe that my heart is susceptible of gratitude; but what is to become of you? Will you ever presume to return to Crete?—Be not uneasy, interrupted he, with regard to the consequences of the present adventure: those friends who have assisted

assisted me on this occasion, will not forsake me. But, alas! if you only pity me, I am happy. I have saved your life, and have nothing more to fear: henceforth I can defy the fury of the gods.

I requested Choræbus to carry me to Athens. There I was in hopes of enjoying the company of my mother till such time as death should end my long miseries, when a black tempest, still more violent than that which had separated us some months before, dashed our vessel to pieces on the coast of Epidaurus. The whole crew perished, Choræbus alone escaped being buried in the waves, caught me by my vestments, and brought me

me safe on shore. Thus was I indebted to him a second time for the preservation of my life.

To tell you the truth, my dear Polydorus, I could no longer view Choræbus but with regret. I felt hurt at lying under such high obligations to any other but yourself; I considered his services as burthensome; I envied him, for your sake, the happiness, which I wished had fallen to your share, of having rescued me from the grasp of death. However, the more I was obliged to Choræbus, the less did he claim the reward of his services. Both he and I proceeded to an hamlet at a short distance, and the fishermen who inhabited



habited it, gave us all the assistance in their power.—Choræbus was soon made sensible of my being constrained in his presence. You do not yet know me well, said he, one day: I can guess from what motive your apparent anxiety proceeds, and would have delivered you before this time of the sight of a man whom you will not repose any confidence in, only that I imagined my protection would be of service to you in this foreign country. As soon as I shall have restored you to your mother, I will part from you for ever, and free you from my presence which is become irksome. Perhaps you would think it your duty to invite me to renounce my project, but  
your

your endeavours would prove unsuccessful.—I will leave you now, in order to prevent your returning me an answer: if you be disposed to do justice to my real sentiments, you will abstain from mentioning any thing more upon the subject whenever we shall meet again.

He went out immediately, and was very particular ever afterwards in avoiding to be alone with me. A short time after we set off for Epidaurus, where we expected to find a conveyance to Corinth, from whence we intended to proceed to Attica. At the entrance of this forest we accidentally met the sage Menthes, who told us our way, but

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a few

a few minutes after we had left him, Scinis the blood-thirsty giant murdered Choræbus in the most shocking manner. I saw him breathe his last, he perished without my being able to yield him the least assistance. He was dead: I had lost you also, my dear Polydorus, and with my weak hands erected two monuments, one to the manes of my beloved husband, the other to those of my deliverer. From that time the spot where both your tombs stand became so dear to me that I could not leave it, and had fixed a determination to continue here as long as I should live.

Here Charite ended her narration, which had frequently been interrupted

ed by the tears of Polydorus. Too sensible an emotion for a loving heart! Although he held his spouse in his arms, yet he thought that she was gone. He was enraged against Lycophron; he represented to himself the cruel monster lifting up his poignard to stab Charite; but when he recollected his own injustice he thought himself still more culpable. His heart was melted at the catastrophe of Choræbus, he wept for him, and Charite wiped away the tears which Polydorus shed for his supposed rival.

THE END OF BOOK III.

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BOOK IV.

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**W**HEN the lovely Charite had finished her recital, Polydorus began to relate his own adventures. Charite listened to him with great attention. Sometimes she returned thanks to the virtuous Nauficrates; and sometimes, with a smile, upbraided Polydorus with his former suspicions.

They were so attentive to each other's discourse, that Menthes had dropped senseless without their having

ving noticed it. The good old man, already worn out with age, had felt such an emotion that his life was in danger. Charite first discovered it. What do I see, exclaimed she? Shall this happy hour be embittered by a new misfortune? Thus have the cruel gods ever treated me! Never did I receive any benefit from them but it was the harbinger of some fresh calamity! O my father! O Menthes! Cannot you hear the voice of your loving daughter?—Polydorus flew to his assistance. Menthes recovered the use of his senses, but it would have been impossible for him to have returned to his house, if Polydorus and Charite had not supported him.

The old man's family being uneasy on account of his long absence had gone all over the country in search of him; but his present appearance only contributed to increase their anxiety. They knelt before him, wept bitterly, kissed his trembling hands, and lifted theirs up to heaven, whose rigor they could not forbear accusing. Menthès, however, silenced their complaints, which, said he, were injurious to the gods. He bade his children draw near to him, and embraced them with true parental tenderness.

The old man was near breathing his last; the assistance of his family was exerted to no effect, when on  
a sud-



a sudden Charite said to Polydorus :  
The God who is worshipped in these  
climes is the son of Apollo and Co-  
ronis, Æsculapius educated by the  
wise Chiron, who taught him the  
knowledge of plants. He is  
known through all Greece to be the  
God of physic : to him we must  
apply to obtain the recovery of Men-  
thes. Let us hasten to his temple,  
embrace his statue, and carry the  
homage of two pure unblemished  
hearts, the only offering which is  
truely worthy of the gods.

May the God of Epidaurus lend  
a favourable ear to our prayers, re-  
plied Polydorus. Let us go imme-  
diately and give the venerable Men-  
thes

thes this proof of our filial piety, which he is so deservedly entitled to, which he has such a right to claim from our gratitude. They departed and proceeded to the temple of Æsculapius.

This temple is as much renowned in Greece, from the immense concourse of people who resort to it, as that of Apollo at Delphi, or that of Jupiter at Olympia. There, chorusses composed of men and women, alternately sing, without interruption, hymns in honour of the God. A vast number of priests and priestesses occupy the interior of the temple, which is so extensive that it serves as an asylum to all who wish

wish to resort thither for a refuge. The temples of the gods, throughout all Greece, are safe retreats, where those who, on account of their offences, or of the injustice of their fellow creatures, are forced to leave their country, may be sure of finding that peace and tranquillity which is denied them elsewhere.

As soon as the two lovers arrived at the temple, they were brought before the high priest, whom they acquainted with the motive of their journey. Charite said: It is not for an enemy of the Gods that we are come to implore their justice. Alas! the gods have not a more faithful pious adorer. The wisdom of Men-  
thes

thes is known in Epidaurus; it is in order to obtain his recovery, and the prolongation of his life that we wish to offer our prayers to the God of this country.

During this short speech, the high priest stood gazing upon Charite,—the poison of love had already penetrated his soul.

This high priest of Æsculapius is the most eminent amongst all the people of Epidaurus; he exercises the authority of a sovereign in the interior part of the temple; whose numerous inhabitants compose a formidable party which are at his disposal. The present pontiff was a proud

proud and haughty man, whose soul was ever a prey to the most violent passions. The presence of a God far from rendering him more compassionate and merciful, contributed to heighten his natural pride, and enforce his fury. Love instead of softening his heart rendered it still more ferocious. No sooner had he fixed his eyes upon Charite, than the good fortune of Polydorus inflamed his resentment, and he resolved to disturb his happiness; his dissimulation however, keeping pace with his cruelty, he knew how to disguise his lustful and treacherous disposition.

The sacrifice began. Polydorus and Charite, with tears in their eyes,  
were

were prostrated before the statue of the God, devoutly intreating him to grant the recovery of Menthés. At the same moment the statue began to shake; an enormous serpent issued from the center of the altar, drew near the libations, then stopped before the sacrificers, and soon after crept into his retreat.—The people cried out that it was the God himself who had assumed that shape, and returned him thanks, in advance, for the benefits which his presence secured to them.—Now again the statue shook, the pavement before the altar separated, and a hollow voice was heard from under ground which uttered the following words.

“ With-

“ Withdraw from hence all ye  
“ profane mortals whose souls are  
“ not pure, it is a God who is about  
“ to speak. You people of Epi-  
“ daurus whom *Æsculapius* protects,  
“ lend an attentive ear. You, gene-  
“ rous friends whom gratitude and  
“ hope have brought to this temple,  
“ shall receive the prize of your de-  
“ votion. *Menthes* shall not die, the  
“ gods are concerned in his preser-  
“ vation, and will protect him; but  
“ destiny who grants you such a  
“ high favour demands that *Cha-*  
“ rite shall devote herself to the ser-  
“ vice of this temple. *Æsculapius*  
“ has chosen her for one of his  
“ priestesses. Polydorus you may  
“ return to *Menthes*: *Charite* is no  
P “ longer



“ longer yours ; the gods themselves  
“ dissolve the ties which bound you  
“ to each other.”

Polydorus, on hearing this, forgetful of the majesty of the temple, exclaimed : Can you believe ye traitors that I am to be robbed of Charite, of her whom I love, by so base an artifice? No, though the gods themselves were to come in a body, and impart the barbarous decree, I would rather die a thousand deaths than obey them.—At these words the enraged people seized Polydorus at whose sacrilegious imprecations they shuddered, and dragged him out of the temple. Charite who endeavoured to follow him was detained,

tained, and the high priest ordered the gates to be shut.

Who would attempt to describe the situation and rage of Polydorus at this calamitous event? His reason forsook him: he ran all around the temple, and raved most passionately; calling the high priest and his adherents aloud. In a transport of grief he sometimes rolled upon the ground, or lying down on the steps of the temple, appealed to the justice of the gods.

When he recovered from the first fit of his rage, he wandered about the town, recounting his sad adventure to all who happened to be in

his way. The secret enemies of the high priest sympathised with his affliction, and either through pity, or to gratify their private animosity, promised to collect a large party of their friends at the next meeting of the people.

However the time of this meeting was not yet fixed upon, so that Polydorus, forsaken by the gods, and his fellow creatures; or successively persecuted by both was exposed to all the darts of adverse fortune, to injustice and treachery. He could think of no future remedy, nor could he even foresee, or adopt any. Death was the only consolation he wished for; but death is ever deaf  
to

to the unfortunate who call for his aid.

Polydorus had spent several days in this situation when an unexpected event revived his hopes. He heard a sudden rumour; the whole town was in an uproar. He advanced and enquired, the alarm appeared to be universal. He perceived the women, children, and old men all running out of their houses.—Polydorus, who thought that the people were going to assemble, entertained some hopes of his complaints producing the effect he wished for. But when he arrived at the public place the cries of the multitude were still more clamorous than his own. Some important affair

prevented them from paying him the least attention. The enemy were approaching, and Epidaurus had every thing to fear from a formidable force. The Athenians, continually oppressed by Minos, had sent their annual presents to the temple of Æsculapius, but the Cretan monarch had ordered the port to be shut against them; and the Athenians, incensed at this new affront, were advancing with a powerful fleet to avenge themselves.

Polydorus had now nothing to expect from the justice or humanity of the inhabitants of Epidaurus: their own personal interest occupied all their thoughts; but heaven offered

ed him a resource in the army of his countrymen. He imagined that perhaps his own courage would serve him to release Charite; that he might be avenged of that perfidious people who had deprived him of his bride; that his glorious exploits would render him more deserving of her.—He departed and left the town after having taken an oath never to return but in arms.

First he went to visit old Menthes, who seeing him from a distance ran to embrace him: the whole family fell down on their knees before Polydorus, in gratitude to their benefactor. But when Menthes enquired after Charite, the unfortunate lover burst

burst into tears. He at length related the new accident that had befallen him, the perfidious scheme of the high priest, his own plan of revenge, and the means which he had resolved to put in practice. Menthes approved of his measures, and promised to go immediately in search of a boat to carry him to the Athenian fleet.

They wandered for a long time about the coast before they were able to procure one. Such fishermen as usually were seen in those parts, frightened at the approach of the enemy, had retired to some unknown creeks, in hopes of being sheltered from the fury of the Athenians.

However



However the solicitations of Men-thes, whose virtues and wisdom had gained him the respect and confidence of all the inhabitants of his neighbourhood, at last determined one of them to venture out of the port, and to carry Polydorus as far as the enemy's fleet, where he wished to go.

Polydorus, as he drew near the ships, felt a secret emotion, mingled with his excessive joy at finding himself at last amongst his own countrymen. He wondered however how he could relish a happiness which Charite did not share with him ; yet the hopes that she should ere long partake of it, poured some comfort  
into

into his mind, and reconciled him to his own sentiments.

As soon as he could be heard, he called out that he was an Athenian who had been long confined in those regions, that the history of his misfortunes was too long to relate at present, and that he came with a design of serving in their army. He added that perhaps the knowledge which he had of the country might render his advice of great utility. At these words the Athenians sent one of their boats to take him on board, and the fisherman was permitted to return.

The Athenians, however, were  
much

much surpris'd at the singularity of this adventure, and look'd upon Polydorus as a suspicious character. They even strongly suspected that he was a spy sent over by the enemy, and immediately propos'd to have him brought before their general. He was in consequence instantly loaded with chains; in such a manner that the unfortunate youth although in the company of his countrymen, underwent a similar ill treatment to that which he had suffered from the Phœnician pirates.

The Athenian general was encircled by the chief officers of the fleet at the time when Polydorus was brought

brought before him. This last humiliation had produced such an effect upon his mind, that he covered his head with his scarf, unwilling to behold any longer the light which was become odious to his eyes. The Athenian general said to him: Answer me, if you are a native of Athens, tell me, who was the author of your birth?—What do I hear, cried Polydorus? What voice is this?—It is you, most undoubtedly! You are my father! Behold me at your feet.

My son! exclaimed Pisistratus.—Ah! Polydorus!—The Cretan monster?—Have you then escaped?—Yes, it is he, it is my son. Athenians,

nians, partake of my happiness: this is my son whom the gods have sent me back.—Now, then the secret emotions of my heart are fully justified, said Polydorus: since I have found my father in these foreign climes, my calamities will soon be at an end; I shall have nothing more to apprehend from adverse fortune.

The transports of the father and son were only interrupted by the congratulations of all who were present. The report was soon spread through the fleet; and the officers, seamen and soldiers all sympathized in the happiness of their chief, who was generally revered and beloved.

Q

Pisistras.

Pisistratus soon after retired with his son, to hear the history of his misfortunes. O my son, said he to him, when he had concluded his recital, whatever the trials may have been which the gods have been pleased to exercise upon you, beware of ever mistrusting their goodness: those evils with which they afflict mankind they only dispense with regret; but their bounteous mercy is inexhaustible; repentance touches them; calamity disarms them, whereas despair promotes their anger. I have been myself the sport of capricious fortune, which has raised me to the highest pitch of grandeur; but I never was dazzled by her high favor, and supported her disgrace with equal

equal fortitude. I have now been called to head my fellow citizens by their own choice: *Ægeus* is dead. *Theseus* his son, desirous of obtaining the glory which heroes acquire, neglects the throne to follow the paths of *Hercules*. A war was determined, the people came to tear me from the sweet blessings of a retired life, and I have sacrificed my repose to gratify their wishes. Such is the history of my life, which has been filled up with a continual succession of vicissitudes; but it will not last much longer. Its storms have not daunted me: virtue and the aid of the gods who will ever defend virtue, have constantly protected me.

Q 2

Dear



Dear father, interrupted Polydorus, you have not spoken to me of Sterope yet. How has she been able to bear your absence? your departure must have given her great pain! Alas! my son, resumed Pifistratus, what a sad remembrance have you brought to my mind? Sterope is no more!—Is no more! replied Polydorus weeping;—Alas! continued Pifistratus, can you believe that she was capable of surviving the excess of her miseries? The day when Charite was torn from her arms, was her last; and her happy shade has joined that of Choerephontes: their ashes repose in the same tomb. Her fate is not to be lamented, for death has been to her the greatest of all  
comfort:

comfort. Life indeed is the heaviest of all calamities when we have lost the object of our most tender affection.

Alas! cried Polydorus, judge then of the tortures which I have to endure. I have lost Charite, perhaps her life has been taken away.—I share in your apprehensions, said Pisistratus: I will however do every thing in my power to remove them. I will serve your love in serving my country. I have deferred the landing of the troops till this moment, because I waited for some of our vessels which the last tempest had separated from the fleet; but they are returned safe, and to mor-

row, at day break, I will make the signal to attack. You shall take the command of the land forces, whilst I will try with my ships to render myself master of the port.

Night had not yet withdrawn her sable veil, when Polydorus, full of impatience, requested his father to give the signal to disembark. Pistratus praised his courage, complied with his request, but at the same time appointed two of his most experienced officers, who had the confidence of the whole army to be his counsels. Cleobulus and Democedes accompanied Polydorus. The landing of the troops was effected without the least opposition, and at  
day

day break they advanced in good order to besiege the town.

At their approach the terrified inhabitants flew to the ramparts. A long peace had rendered them indolent and inactive; unaccustomed to the hardships of war, they dreaded both its danger and fatigue. Polydorus who perceived their consternation prepared to storm the city; but he had hardly approached the walls when the alarmed people laid down their arms; opened their gates, imploring his mercy, and Polydorus entered as a conqueror that same town where he had been recently treated with so much injustice and opprobrium.

The

The high priest, who occupied the interior of the temple, was however making preparations to defend himself. It was he principally whom Minos had employed to induce the people of Epidaurus to harass the Athenians, and now he dreaded their resentment, and wished to escape their vengeance.

Polydorus flew to the temple attended by Cleobulus, whilst Democedes made himself master of the city, by which means the fleet of Pisistratus was enabled to enter the port.

The young lover arrived at the gates of the temple. In vain did the high priest endeavour to oppose resistance:

stance: Polydorus advanced, and overcame all who offered to resist. Cleobulus and the Athenians seconded him, and made a terrible slaughter of their adversaries. At length the high priest himself was forced to surrender to Cleobulus, who ordered him to be loaded with chains.

In the mean time Polydorus had disappeared; nor was it known to the soldiers what was become of him; Cleobulus himself began to fear lest he had fallen into an ambuscade; when he returned apparently in a most violent fit of rage, and lifted up his arm to strike the high priest. Restore her to me, said he, restore my Charite, if not this sword shall instantly

stantly make thee suffer for thy villany.

Stop, said the high priest, I swear by the gods of this temple that I know not where Charite is. She was carried away from me that very same day when I detained her; and from that moment I am totally ignorant of what is become of her: may *Æsculapius* destroy me if I do not speak the truth.—Traitor! Perjured wretch! replied Polydorus, you are ever ready to abuse the respectable name of the gods: receive the reward due to your crimes. At these words he lifted up his sword a second time, when, at the same moment, one of those who had been found in the temple,



temple, and whom the Athenians had secured, raised his voice and cried out : O my friend ! O my dear Polydorus ! is it you ? Polydorus stopped, and recollected Strato, that generous Cretan who had brought him to Charite at a time when he had lost all hopes of ever seeing her again.—Polydorus ran to embrace his friend, and with his own hands pulled off his chains.—Fear nothing for Charite, said Strato, I have provided for her safety. It has been my good fortune to protect her against the brutality of the high priest.—Ah ! my good friend, interrupted Polydorus, how will it be in my power to repay your bounty ! But where is she ? Let us run to meet her ; this is the  
second

second time that you have brought her to my arms.

Thus conversing they proceeded together. Strato had entrusted Charite to the care of a poor woman who occupied a remote part of the temple, which was unknown to the high priest. There she had continued ever since that inauspicious day when she and her lover had been separated.—Charite heard the voice of Polydorus from a distance.—It is he, cried she, my dear husband!—Polydorus was in her arms. The gods, said he, are wearied at last with persecuting us: now we have met never to part again.

Polydorus

Polydorus related all that had happened to him since their separation. Charite shed a torrent of tears when she heard of the death of her mother, but Polydorus wiped them away, and the presence of so tender a lover contributed to soothe her grief. They left the temple to go and join Pisistratus. Polydorus then asked Strato what event or misfortune had compelled him to leave his country.—That compassion which I had felt for you, replied the other, has been the only cause of my exile; my countrymen were told of it, they persecuted me, and I came to this temple for a refuge. I had been there two years, when during the uproar which was occa-

R

fioned

sioned, the other day, by the artifices of the high priest, I recollected Charite: I saw when you was turned out of the temple and torn away from her, and find myself happy after all, since owing to my aid, she has been preserved a second time.

When Strato had ended his speech, the two lovers expressed their gratitude towards their generous friend. Meanwhile Pisistratus was advancing amidst the acclamations of the people and the army. Charite ran to meet him, and threw herself at his feet: he raised her, pressed her to his bosom, calling her his daughter, and then, addressing Polydorus, who was embracing his knees; said:  
Too

Too long already have the destinies retarded your happiness. Let us not defer any longer an union upon which undoubtedly the gods will pour their benedictions. The acclamations of the people redoubled, and the whole assembly rejoiced at the approaching union of the two lovers. Pisistratus then entered the temple, deposed the high priest, and nominated one of the eminent citizens of Epidaurus his successor. The two lovers advanced to the altar, the sacred fire was kindled, the victims were slain, and the high priest whom Pisistratus had just promoted received the oaths of the two lovers in the name of the gods.

The Athenians continued no longer in Epidaurus than was necessary to celebrate the festivals that were to follow the marriage of the two lovers. Pisistratus, after having exacted from the Epidaurians a satisfaction proportionate to the injury which Athens had received, made all necessary preparations to return to his own country.

Previous to their departure the two lovers went to pay a visit to the sage Menthes, whom they loaded with presents. On the same day being attended by a great concourse of people they offered a sacrifice on the tomb of Choroëbus, and after having discharged the religious task,  
embark-

embarked on board the ship which carried Pisistratus, and the fleet immediately put to sea.

Pisistratus was received by the Athenians as the avenger of his country; but less desirous of enjoying the high encomiums of his fellow citizens, than the sweet blessing of a private life, he returned to his retreat, where his children followed him. Charite upon her arrival visited the tomb of Sterope and Choerophontes which she watered with her tears, and paid to their ashes those honours which filial piety suggested.

Strato, a short time after, was requested



quested by Polydorus to go in quest of Nausicrates and Themisto, and bring them into Attica. He soon returned, accompanied by the old couple, who left every thing behind them to follow him. Themisto, however, had brought with her the urn which contained the relicts of her son.

Polydorus welcomed them with transports of great tenderness. From that moment they all lived in one family till the time when death parted them. Charite and Polydorus lived to an advanced age: the gods blessed their union with a large family, who all distinguished themselves by their talents and virtues; and  
when,

when, after the heroical death of Codrus, the Athenians changed the form of their government, and entrusted the Archons with the administration of public affairs, the first of those magistrates was chosen from amongst the sons of Charite and Polydorus.

F I N I S.



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